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Original Poetry.

STANZAS

TO GEN. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, EX-PRESIDENT OF TEXAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

How shall I wake the farewell strain, or weave
The simple lay, that may my theme befit?
For thine last deed, my friend, is to bereave
Some echo in thy soul, its finger yet
Where thou art far away!

High ring should greet the gallant and the brave,
And holy numbers swell the proud refrain;
Yet, o'er the heart, the tender lyre is wove,
And mine is but a woman's faltering strain,
Thou will accept the lay.

By the oft meetings round the social hearth,
The thoughtful mingling, mid with kindred mind,
The quiet converse, and the cheerful mirth,
The generous glow and sentiment refined,
I shall remember thee!

So, in thy home—where kindred hearts abide,
And bread Bereanas drink the mental ray—
When in thy breast none pleasant memory swells,
Or by gone waves and forests far away,
May I remembered be!

Yet, think of me, as thou would'st think of one,
For whom thou'dst shed a tear, should'st thou be where e'er
Winter sends of life, perchance, are nearly run;
Whose spirit yearns to seek the better shore,
The beautiful and far!

But fare thee well!—thy country calls thee back—
Love and its spell, she hath not power to draw—
Go! and, in your proud and shining track,
May Care and she shall not intrude to mar
Adieu to thee—LAMAR.

New York, Jan. 6, 1845.

Original Tales.

THE HEART.

A True Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"Come, sister Ann, 'tis a very pleasant evening, get your bonnet and go with me to Mr. Marlowe's," said Horace Grey to a fine looking, apparently four and twenty lady.

"No, brother," she replied, "I am really engaged for the evening—but since you have introduced the subject, permit me to say that I am sorry to see you so devoted to the Marlowes."

"And I am truly sorry, sister, that you should suffer your mature judgment to be biased by any malicious reports; or as my sister infers by the generality of Mr. Marlowe's queenly beauty!"

"I would be strange, Horace, if I should ever see you unless altogether in a different sphere from that in which I find my happiness. but, dear brother, there is, I fear, much of truth in the reports which are circulated before. Clara Marlowe is certainly a haughty, high-spirited girl, of violent and ungovernable temper: and this unenviable disposition, if anything worse can be added to a woman's character, it belongs to her, and is an utter disregard of the observances of religion. I have myself heard her ridicule christianity, by caricaturing its most amiable and sacred features, in the presence of those who are its sincere followers. Do not be offended, brother—an earnest interest in your happiness has alone prompted me to speak thus plainly of Miss Marlowe. Yet I own that I have another cause for uneasiness, in this instance—if you thought I could tell you, I am sure you know you, or that the exclusive attention which you have paid her during the last year, amounts even, in the eyes of the censorious public, to a virtual engagement. Ellen is also that a woman should be, and your desertion will give her great pain. Will you, brother, cast off your infatuation, and return to little Ellen, before her gentle heart is tortured by the knowledge of your neglect?"

Horace Grey made no reply, but flung himself petulantly out of the room, and in so very amiable temper, proceeded to Mr. Marlowe's. He found Clara in the parlor, chatting with great animation to a very fashionably dressed gentleman, whom she presented to Mr. Grey as Hermitage, an old acquaintance from the city; for Mr. Marlowe had recently removed his family from New York to our quiet village. Mr. Grey soon discovered that he was a person of small consequence, in presence of a city gentleman, while Miss Marlowe received him in a manner of ill-natured and contemptuous remarks, upon a rural life, as she was pleased to term that to a village. He was of the same, and pointed neglect of himself, Greyfelt the full force of all his sister had so recently told him, and finally, Mr. Hermitage proceeded directly to the neat cottage of Mr. Merrell, who well performed a mother's part toward her orphan niece, Ellen Grey.

As Mr. Grey approached the house, he saw the fair girl, leaning against a pillar of the portico, although covered by the thick foliage of the white rose bushes, which her hand had trained to the very roof, and which yet drooped with rich clusters of their fragrant blossoms, as the breeze touched them sportively, the brow and shoulders of her who seemed so like themselves, in her pliant and delicate loveliness. Horace paused, and looked a moment upon her. Her face was meek and sweet as usual, but he could see that other than that lay in pensive shadow about her perfect mouth; and his heart whispered that his long absence had cost it there; and as he gazed upon her, her cheap expensive eyes, and caught his admiring glance, oh the joy that sprang up from their blue depths.

"I thought that you had utterly forsaken us," she said, as he clasped her trembling hand, and led her gently to a seat within the porch.

That evening Horace Grey professed his hand and heart to Ellen Grey, and was accepted. But as he held her to his heart, and blessed her for her love, a feeling of anguish passed through his soul, and he grew sick with a sense of the wrong he was doing her, in thus hypocritically pledging her that affection which he felt he could never bestow upon her. He went home that evening wretched and dissatisfied; but Ellen, as she communicated her engagement to her aunt, with a bright, but deep tone of blandness which thrills the listener's spirit—

"Oh, aunt, I never dared to hope for so much happiness."

And that night in her chamber, she poured out a fervent thanksgiving for her lover's return, and for that crowned with felicity, the dearest wish of her young heart.

Horace Grey had invented on her naming an early day for the wedding, and as the city acquaintance continued to visit at Marlowe's, he so urged his suit, that Mrs. Merrill consented to give him her gentle niece, her only treasure, in the fall. During the interval he was most of his time absent from the village; and Ellen could not but imagine that a great change had come upon him. She had known him for years, had been his school-fellow, and had always seen him cheerful, and happy-hearted: now he was unnaturally gay, or unreasonably sad; he seemed capricious and irritable, and she wept in secret, she knew not why, only she felt that he was unhappy. Ellen Knapp was of that affectionate and dependent nature, which lives upon love, and love truth fully, and with a heart worship. She had never known father or mother, brother or sister; and thus secluded from all the ties of nature, her spirit had yearned for some object on whom it might expend its treasures of affection; and she loved Horace Grey as few men are loved, as few men would wish to be loved: because not being able to reciprocate or understand such sensitive devotion, cruelly trifle under its demonstrations.

Horace Grey was haughty, selfish, and impetuous. He had lavished attention on Ellen, because her obvious pleasure in his society, the deference she paid him, and the meek tolerance with which she recited to him her opinions, flattered his vanity, and then she was the idol of the village, and her partiality gratified his pride. But in this there was no love. For Miss Marlowe he conceived at first sight a passion, violent and irrational, but still in keeping with the nature. Clara was unprincipled and bold. She laughed at his devotion, ridiculed his opinions, and scoffed at the name of affection; and he knew that it was her pleasure in him to use every endeavor to win so haughty a creature. In his pique he had pledged himself to Ellen, yet the night, the hour came of Clara, gave him a pang of intense bitterness, and humiliation. Was he in a spirit to wed so gentle a creature as Ellen Grey?

Yet the marriage was consummated, and on his nuptial day, an officious friend informed him that Miss Marlowe's city acquaintance was a young brother of Mrs. Marlowe—and that Clara did most certainly love him, notwithstanding her gallery of male slaves. This intelligence rendered him supremely miserable, and a violent fever induced by mental agony laid him for many days upon the very border of time. Ellen was his constant and unwearied nurse through all, never leaving his room, except at the earnest solicitation of his sister Anna, who shared her vigils, and would gently force her to leave him sometimes, and look at home's repose, although as a creature many in small villages, where the whole community is linked together like one family, that young people were some of them present every night as watchers. It was a beautiful night, such as comes only in the autumn-time, when, as we gaze into the pure ether, heaven seems so near the earth, that we feel the presence of the spiritual creatures, who rejoice in the calm blue of a passionless existence, and cast our hearts grow quiet in the sweet communion. That night I was a watcher, in the room adjoining the sick one, in which Ellen was keeping vigil by the sufferer's pillow. He had lain quiet a long time, and the watchers were silent, that Ellen might believe that Ellen had fallen asleep, and that the sick man might be neglected. I arose, and silently entered the room.

Ellen was kneeling by the open window. She had been offering up, for her beloved, the last prayer of pure affection, which her heart ever knew, and her face resting on her clasped hands, upon the window sill. The moonlight fell brightly like a veil over her head, upon her soft brown curls, and sable dress, and my soul went up in an inward ejaculation of prayer for her happiness; for I knew that she had loved her well. I then drew aside the curtains of the bed and looked upon the fever-flushed face of Horace Grey, and saw that he contracted, and his bosom heaved with laborious perspiration. I fanned him in great pain, and then over him, when suddenly opening his eyes he fixed them wildly on my face, and muttered a few incoherent syllables.

"Ellen! Ellen! I have!" I whispered, bending my face still nearer to his own.

Suddenly he threw his arm over my neck, exclaiming, "Oh! Clara! Clara! I see what I am suffering for your sake. There is fire within my breast, and ice upon my forehead—my heart is in pain, and my brain is burning—but you—Oh, my impetuous jealousy made me do a cursed deed! To marry her while my whole soul was filled with the image of another! Me—Oh, forgive me—it is irrevocable, but you may forgive!"

Supported by his agony, his arm fell, and his words again became inaudible. His disordered fancy had mistaken me, in the dim light of the sick room, and I knew that the moment of one thought, a hope that Ellen had not heard him. I glanced anxiously round—she was standing with the first bright ray of the night-lamp streamed full upon her face, revealing such an expression of anguish as language cannot depict. She turned, and walked to the table, but she had not fainted, she struggled convulsively, and the fresh blood gushed up into her templed heart, and ran in a small quantity from her mouth. I felt how terrible must be the agony which had thus prostrated her gentle nature, and I was about to offer expression to her beautiful face; for I almost shrank from her, as I looked on her writhing features, when she sprang to the side of the dead, with the dark blood gurgling over the quivering lips, and dabbling the fair cheek. She was a maniac—though not in the pride of fashion; and as they passed the window at which I sat, her beauty laugh rose gaily, and her light step bounded as if my was to be as she bowed me a good evening. Neither my friend or myself remarked upon the circumstance, for our hearts were both full.

* * * * * * *

"Dear me," cried a gossiping little lady, when she was relating the story, "I have no head how miserably Mr. Grey and his wife live together! Why they quarrel outrageously, and in the other day Clara told him that he passed his first wife, and would serve her the same way yet. And all this before company in the house! I declare I was perfectly shocked at such a bit her miserable temper. He is very irritable, and could never bear contradiction. Ellen was just the wife for him. She was so patient and sweet tempered. He could not have quarreled with her."

"And what do you think became of Horace Grey?" said a friend to me lately; (for I have been many years a stranger to that quiet village.) He lived a unhappily with Clara, that in less than two years after his marriage he became a common intem. lounger, and swept the downward path until he was a degraded drunkard. His instency affected his brain, and many a night he passed in the grave yard, with his head followed on Ellen's grave, raving and calling upon her by every endearing epithet, till the hearts of those that heard him melted with pity even for him. At length he died a maniac, and Clara, Italian still not believing, squandered his whole estate, and Clara had returned to her parents, he became a burden to his friends, who sent her to a asylum for the insane where he soon died. People say that he deranged his mind by intemperance, but it was agony of mind that drove him to the bottle. I was ever a dull of a broken heart, that man was Horace Grey.

THE BLACK CROSS.

A West Indian Story.

CONCLUDED

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. MAYNE REID, (THE POOR SCHOLAR.)

"The first letter that I opened and read was from Alfonso. It was written in Spanish, which I have already translated. I found inside the letter, a small sprig of rose—a species of cedar which grows in the mountains. This was explained by letters as an emblem. When a lady flings you the topsy, she says in a way that words cannot express it, I am yours. Juanita had sent the sprig to Alfonso, enclosed in the letter. The letter was like the former one written with a pencil, and evidently in haste. It ran as follows:

Cafetal Felicidad, 17th April.

At one o'clock of the morning.

Dearest Alfonso:

Yesterday evening you were seen to pass here, upon horseback. And they have taken the occasion again to speak ill of you, Catalina especially, who has done nothing but call you "villain" and "impertinent."

Alfonso, I cannot know why you fear what thus to pass our plantation, as every time you are seen, I am treated with rigor, and with greater surveillance. Now that I have asked and obtained the pardon of mamma, do not, Alfonso, again place me in suspicion.

My heart is always loved me, and who, least of all the family thinks ill of you—from the beginning, entreated me to fall at the feet of mamma, and solicit her forgiveness. I have so done, dear Alfonso, and I have succeeded. But I will tell you the circumstance. This morning being very temperate and beautiful, I directed my steps in the garden. A short time after I had been there, my mother made her appearance from the house, carrying, as I saw, some seeds of flowers, whose fragrance pleased her, with the intention of arranging them. I placed myself close to the walk down which she was passing, with the intention of following the advice which Irene had given me. I was trembling from head to foot, at the idea of meeting my mamma, and with the fear of her refusing my pardon. But mamma observed, I suppose, by one that her countenance was sorrowful—and this almost made me weep—the tears were in my eyes.

She passed on without seeing me—for I stood behind a large rose-tree, and I was afraid to approach her.

After going a few paces further down the walk, my mamma stopped, and bending to the ground, I saw her pluck some flowers with her fingers, so that she might depose the seed—but the soil was hard and stiff, as there had been neither rain nor dew for many days, and she could not raise it. At this instant seeing a pointed stick, I picked it up, and running forward I presented it. She took the stick coward, and terrified than before, for I thought that mamma was never going to speak to me any of using my name. My joy was great. My heart about to return to the house, I gained courage from despair, and, rushing after her, I caught hold of her dress, and fell a her feet—bathing the walk with my tears. Mamma rose began to weep—and, lifting me from the earth, pressed me to her bosom, and kissed me, saying:

"Do not weep, Juanita! I pardon you. Came child! the morning air is damp—return to your chamber—and I will see you there." She would have spoken more to me but at that moment Fernando opened the door of his room and looked out into the garden. Mamma gently releasing herself from my caresses, left me.

In spite of all, how good is mamma! Does she not appear so to you, Alfonso? She has never thought ill of you. Oh! it is dreadful to recall the time when you lived here, and the interest that she took in all your little affairs—but Alfonso, you have destroyed everything—and I remember too, her commands to Crista, that your coffee should be always ready for you, when you were in the morning—and the ripest fruit should be placed in your chamber—and a hundred other like things. But alas! it is all past. All is past away except our loves! But let me speak on another point.

It is this, Alfonso. I cannot understand why you should pass here. I wish you to follow my counsel in this—and do not come again. Catalina sees you, and this is a sufficient incitement to annoy me. She did not cease to speak ill of you when you were present, and to give me pain, Alfonso, since I have no power to defend you.

Alfonso, adieu, you are certainly my senor by two or three years—but, no more. Follow my advice, and all will yet go well.

You have accused me, Alfonso, that I cannot love you, because I give you advice with such coolness. Ah! Alfonso, how little do you know me, my heart! I could weep, my eyes are dry, and my heart without movement—I could say anything never desperate. *Dos mas!* Alfonso, I am miserable—and my soul is in that state of mind, but I tremble least some other might tell you what this has happened! I could not tell you, Alfonso, that you do not know me yet. If you do not manage with prudence in this affair, from this time forth you will know me, Alfonso, and I am sure you, Alfonso, you shall respect, at all risks, the honor of my family, and for this I take up my pen. I write to you, that you may not be able to say another could love you as well as I do. Is as true, that while you were by my side I was happy, and had no complaints, and it is so much feel the love with which you had inclined me; but now that you have been long from me, it seems to me as how whose name can thrill the bosom like the name of Alfonso, the hero of my heart!

They would send me to the convent! They shall not. No, Alfonso, they shall not. I will expect then at the crossing of the roads by the great palm. At twilight, Alfonso I shall come, and you shall save me from their cruelty, for they would kill me. Even now upon my shoulders do I feel the blows they have inflicted upon me, but the shame I feel in my heart.

Do not, oh do not bring sword or pistols—should any one be killed—brother or father—think of it, Alfonso—I could never behold you again without horror, but I long to die at your feet rather than they shall separate us. At twilight, Alfonso, and I am yours!

JUANITA G——.

This was the last letter that bore the autograph of Juanita. I was myself still remained unsatisfied. As yet not a line had made the slightest allusion to the "Black Cross," and I began to think that my friend had deceived me with the design of getting to sleep or for some other motive. The only other letter that I could find in the box was one from Alfonso to a friend in Havanna. Having no other resource I commenced reading that. It offered to throw more light on the mysterious, and now to me deeply interesting subject, and I proceeded.

Cafetal De Rosa.

Most esteemed friend.

They tell me that you still preserve for me the same affection which ever marked our companionship; and in proof that I have not forgotten you, I am here about to make you a confidant of some of the misfortunes since we parted. In the difficult situation in which I am at present placed, I could not have a better friend to counsel me, and such I hope they continue to be. I am unchanged.

You know, (and you only) my life previous to our last parting in Habana. Born to a small fortune that soon disappeared—I found myself at the age of manhood a beggar—considering that had been lavished upon me with unsparing hand, only created within me those desires which fortune had denied me—and rendered me ungratifying. An innate inclination to see the world made me its wanderer—neither friends nor the ties of family could change this evident disposition, and in spite of my parents I have seen that world to become disgusted with it.

I returned to my native island—to Cuba—, the wealthy father of a large family—for the purpose of finishing the education of my two half sisters, and to close the beginning of another chapter in the life of one, whose adventures, as you yourself know, are but a faint sketch of the world at large. I had induced me to undertake the duties of teacher. The eldest son of Señor G——, the manager of his father's estate, and the favorite of his father's heart—was he who had allured me to this undertaking. At affair of honor at a ball, had thrown me on a bed of sickness, and he had suddenly conceived a wonderful attachment for me. His words deceived me, and I had the misfortune (and yet it is wrong) to trust him in my turn. I was in my twenty-first year weary of life, and I may say its pleasures I had never known or seen. Yet amidst all the difficulties that I had found in my road through life I had still preserved that purity of heart, of soul and spirit, that chance could not fetter.

With these feelings, I presented myself just twelve months ago, at the house of Señor G——, the wealthy father of a large family—for the purpose of finishing the education of his two half daughters. This was the beginning of another chapter in the life of one, whose adventures, as you yourself know, are but a faint sketch of the world at large. I had induced me to undertake the duties of teacher. The eldest son of Señor G——, the manager of his father's estate, and the favorite of his father's heart—was he who had allured me to this undertaking. At affair of honor at a ball, had thrown me on a bed of sickness, and he had suddenly conceived a wonderful attachment for me. His words deceived me, and I had the misfortune (and yet it is wrong) to trust him in my turn. I was in my twenty-first year weary of life, and I may say its pleasures I had never known or seen. Yet amidst all the difficulties that I had found in my road through life I had still preserved that purity of heart, of soul and spirit, that chance could not fetter.

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I had heard much of the sisters of my friend, and also of the high and haughty character of the elder, but I was not prepared to see the representation of one in colors almost too glowing for truth. I had often been told that she was a perfect model of beauty, as well as modesty, that no one could see her without loving, and that she was deserving of the profoundest admiration in moral and intellectual as well as in a physical sense—in short, that she was a woman with the form and soul of an angel.

On the evening of my arrival at the *cafetal* (for it was evening when I arrived,) I did not see my friend, who had been confined to her room by some slight indisposition; but (as I afterwards learned from herself,) she had ordered a great carriage to be sent to meet me, escorted by the mulatta (who was her handmaiden) about my person, name, and such other things.

The morning was bright, when I was summoned by a servant to the sala, where the family were assembled. I dressed myself with care, and passed out into a gallery, which ran in front of a row of chambers, of which (I do not know why,) I conceived the second, on the left hand, to belong to the elder of the two daughters. Each one of the family had a separate suite.

The windows of all these apartments at this hour were thrown open, and in passing, I flung my eyes, though not without dissembling, to the right hand—and there, in the first chamber of containing this much lauded jewel. I was right in my calculations, for there she sat, far exceeding in beauty all the fair forms of the captious and silly fancies that words had created. I cannot, my friend, imbue you with a picture of her beauty—words are idle here—but I will give you my assurance, that all the lovely faces I had as yet seen, and you know that I had seen many, were lost in the moment, blotted from the tablet of my memory.

She was sitting with her eyes bent upon the ground, dressed in the richest fashion of the time, while a small quadroon servant sat at her feet. She raised her eyes as I approached, and cast upon me a look of interrogation, so assuredly curiously, until she encountered mine, when blushing and confused, she turned them upon her maid. I was equally confused—there was a silent, though powerful mastery in her dark eye, that proved the truth of all I had heard, and demanded from the beholder an instant admiration.

Whether my beautiful timidity had pleased her, or had appeared ridiculous, I could not tell, but a strange smile played upon her beautiful features, and when on turning off the corridor to enter the sala, I glanced back at her, she had forward hiding her face on the bosom of the mulatta. The action was ingenuous and without design, and reminded me of the playfulness of a child who, refusing the offered embrace of a stranger, crouches closer upon the breast of its mother, and laughs in security.

You may smile, my friend, but be assured, that from that moment the image of the beautiful girl haunted me. Her face was in every thing that met my eyes—on the table, in the chairs, on the sofa, those dark orbs gleamed before me like globes of liquid light.

The timidity with which this encounter had inspired me, still adhered to me until I entered the sala. There I found the family assembled for breakfast. Their conversation was solely directed to such subjects as would afford them an opportunity of studying my character, and discovering my sentiments upon certain interesting questions. But I was deeply read in matters of life, and experience had taught me that it is not always in words, but in actions, that we may success a good cause, and I kept a feeling in check, making only such assent or disagreement with prejudged opinions, as was necessary to pass the subject. Their report was a conclusion that I was of a reserved disposition; and perhaps they judged aright.

After breakfast Fernando invited me and his sisters to walk through the plantation, so that I might see the estate upon which I was to reside. In a short time we reached the kennel, the mills, the warehouse, the *terreonne*, and the garden. We walked along the sides of beautiful coffee-fields, under the shade of the lofty cocoa-nut trees, and mangoes and orange trees. Catalina, the eldest sister, was by my side, but the younger one, Inez and Josefa, went before us. Fernando had left us for the purpose of giving some orders to the overseer. Catalina was exceedingly talkative, explaining every thing we merited, unless as we walked along, such as the size of the plantation, the number of quintals of coffee it yielded, the number of slaves, and the misfortunes that had been experienced, at times from the elements—the *war of death* which the *revolucion* had declared upon the estate, and a hundred such little matters of interest.

The sisters, Inez and Josefa, occasionally turned and looked towards us, and I could see that I was the object of their conversation. After having walked about an hour or more, Catalina proposed that we should return to the house. This proposal was exactly what I wished for—as I had acquired a longing desire to be presented to the younger sister, whose dark eyes were still flashing vividly before my imagination.

We reached the house and entered the piazza. The two sisters, Inez and Josefa, still preceded us. We entered the room, and Inez the youngest, and by the time I had reached the gallery along with Catalina, the beautiful girl was standing by the centre table in the parlor chamber. Catalina presented me with, as I thought, somewhat of a patronizing air—

"Juanita, this is the gentleman, the friend of Fernando, who has had the goodness to take charge of the education of Emilio and Carlos."

She looked at me with acknowledgment of presence with the most graceful and winning smile. She stood now in the open verandah, and I had a brilliant colored handkerchief over her shoulders, and her dark hair hanging over the white alabaster of her neck. She was a beautiful girl standing by her cage," and to saying and smiling an "adieu!" she re-entered her chamber.

From that moment, my dearest friend, my life was all happiness; a happiness that sprung more from the pleasures of anticipation, than the possession of a real good. Love threw its sunbeam across my path, and I lived and luxuriated in the beam. But as yet I could only enjoy the pleasant fancies at a respectful distance, as I was long in establishing any very familiar footing with the members of the house of the family. I found, however, that the proffered friendship of Fernando was merely the impulse of a moment, and every thing was standing by the same cold rule. I even at times imagined a kind of arrogance in his speech, as though he looked upon me, and considered myself beneath him.

Under other circumstances, I would soon have sought for the truth of this matter, but now I felt no inclination to speak with any member of the family, could my love have become stronger it would certainly now have increased. The sweet confidence of her taking leave, and the goodness that displayed itself in her every action, the calm intelligence, the thrilling touch of those beautiful fingers, all conspired, to make her divinity a flame that was already burning at its brightest.

For two months longer our lessons continued to progress, and I found Juanita had become a pencil. Two hours of each day were occupied in this delightful intercourse, and these were the happiest hours that I can now remember upon the retrospect of life. The sisters or parents of Juanita, however, were always present at our lessons, and I, in spite of my burning heart and throbbing brain, dared not interchange word or look that did not refer to our lessons from the Havana, who had stopped at the *Cafetal*. As I entered the Sala I perceived her seated at the table, dressed in a rich and becoming manner. The writing materials were before her. I thought that I had never seen her look so beautiful, and so much was I struck with her appearance that I stood near the door, hesitating whether to advance, or wait for the coming in of some of her sisters. I had never before been in her company unless when some of the family were present, and I knew not how it is, I at this moment felt a delicacy in approaching her. It was no doubt the consciousness of my love, and the fear of the consequences to which it might lead, that caused my hesitation.

At this moment the beautiful object of my thoughts looked up, and our eyes met. I could see the rich crimson mantling upon her cheeks, and after looking at me a moment, her eyes fell, abashed and confused upon the floor.

I am perhaps not an adept in the science of love, but there is a certain language in the eye of woman, that the most brainless fool in Christendom cannot fail to translate. It speaks the feelings of the heart, far more truly and all the vocabulary of sounds. I felt myself addressed in this silent language, and approached the table. One minute took from eyes the large voluptuous eyes, and I was beside her. Her cheeks were flushing crimson. I took the pen, hardly knowing what I did, from her fingers, and traced upon the paper that lay before me the words "Amo Anna!" and returning the pen I stood trembling at her side. Simple as was the question, the answer would be the writing of my destiny for good or ill, for happiness or misery. I was quivering from top to toe. Without a moment's hesitation, although I could perceive that the act was almost involuntary on her part, she received the pen, and bending over the paper traced the thrilling words, "Yo te Amo!" It was enough. We understood each other. One kiss and we stood in heaven. Oh! for the transport, the rapture, that I felt at that moment. Who lives for such a favor has not lived in vain. An hour, such as I then enjoyed, were worth a whole lifetime of dull common-place emotions.

* * * *

A month followed this event, and I may justly call it the happiest month of my life. I never expect to live through such another. We often met in the garden, in the grove, under the *guasia rosa* of pines, in the coffee fields, and in the bake of Juanita's room, whom we had made our confidant. We met to gaze at each other, to bask in mutual smiles, and to tell one another how fondly, how deeply we loved. We had in this, a foretaste of heaven. But such supreme happiness is not allowed to the sons of men long on earth. It could not last, and the evil hour came at length.

Catalina was not blind to our attachment, and her envy, malice and soon aroused her powers. We were watched closely. Love becomes negligent, and ours was revealed by the spy that had been placed over us.

At this crisis I proposed for the hand of Juanita, but my proposal was received with indignation, and I was spurned by the whole family, who laughed at my presumption—a poor and friendless scholar, daring to propose marriage to a daughter of one of the wealthiest Señor G.

I was driven, unduly driven from the Cafetal, with the insulting name of "ingratefol" ringing in my ears.

* * * *

It was some time before I heard of Juanita. I had retired to the Havana, but I could not remain away from the spot that contained all that I expected to live through such another. We often met in the garden, in the grove, under the *guasia rosa* of pines, in the coffee fields, and in the bake of Juanita's room, whom we had made our confidant. We met to gaze at each other, to bask in mutual smiles, and to tell one another how fondly, how deeply we loved. We had in this, a foretaste of heaven. But such supreme happiness is not allowed to the sons of men long on earth. It could not last, and the evil hour came at length.

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* * * *

It was some time before I heard of Juanita. I had retired to the Havana, but I could not remain away from the spot that contained all that I expected to live through such another. I returned to the country, and took up my residence on the estate of a friend, whose plantation lay in the neighborhood of the Cafetal Felicidad.

After much difficulty I succeeded in communicating with Juanita. Several letters passed between us, but of these I have not the receipted by Fernando, our correspondence was for awhile intercepted, and I had the good fortune to receive no letter from the sisters of Juanita, when I have every reason to believe were employed by this villain. I have offered my hand in marriage to the elder sister, but have I required that satisfaction by challenging him to mortal combat, but he has refused me this, under the very reasonable excuse used in many such cases, that "I was not a gentleman."

I have twice sought with him a fair encounter—the last time being at the ball of San Antonio, on Tuesday evening, when, as you may have heard, we encountered each other with angry words. But the braguadoro dares not meet me.

I am nearly done. To night will decide my future fate. I hold in my hand a note from Juanita, in which she tells me that her brother has chastized her—"and for the third time!" God! Could I have been near! She entreats me to save her—to protect her from the cruelty of her family. We met this evening at the Casa, Señorial and Batabano. You shall hear the result. Twilight is near, I must be gone to save or die for Juanita. Adieu, my friend, you alone know all my life, and to those who would speak of me you may reveal it. There is much of mystery and romance, tragedy of love, but nought of crime. I care not that the world saw my naked heart. It will bear the scrutiny of the morning eye, and to the gaze of generations of an endless hereafter, will, I hope, pass the inspection of an Omnipresent Creator. Twilight is come, and I must bid you adieu.

ALFONSO ——.

My interest was so highly excited to know the result of the meeting at the cross roads, that sleep was now out of the question, but I had perused the last letter which the excruciating fate contained, and my head was buried in oblivious slumber. What was to be done—I threw myself upon my couch, but in my excitement I had not taken the precaution to let down one side of my mosquito bar, and in an instant the net was filled with these tormentors, which are the curse of all the tropical world. I arose, and called forth into the fields. The moon was not going down over the level tops of the cane, and the air was bracing and invigorated more brightly in the increasing darkness. I strode on, not knowing nor caring in what direction, when all at once I perceived a light in the public road between the rock fences, and near the mysterious cross, which was the rendezvous of the meeting. I turn in the road brought me in full view of the hated object, and I discerned that there were human figures standing near it, and I could perceive a saddled horse standing near by, in the shade of a clump of mango trees.

As I advanced nearer the huge pain, I could distinctly see two human forms. One of them was evidently a woman. I felt for a moment terrified by the unexpected apparition, but recovering presence of mind, I called out—

"Quien Esta?"

There was no reply, but I could see by the fire-struggling rays that the moon will sent through the *guarda rosas*, a man muffled in a dark cloak, approach the horse, and leading him hastily toward the pain, lift the woman into the saddle. This was done in almost as short a time as it could be told, and before I could hail them a second time she was mounted and mounted, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped off on the road that leads to Batabano. I was completely bewildered by the

occurrence, and in the midst of my bewilderment, I wandered back to the house of my friend, and half unconsciously turned into bed.

* * * * * * *

I had scarcely awoke, when I heard the noise of De Alva in the piazza, giving some directions to the servants. I leaped from my bed, and rushed out (for I had not undressed myself on account of the night), intending to learn more of the Black Cross.

De Alva commenced laughing as I approached him.

"Well," said he, "now you know the meaning of the Black Cross!"

"Not yet—not yet—tell me, did they meet?"

"They did."

"And eloped?"

"No, that was prevented."

"How?"

"By Fernando, her brother."

"Well?"

"He unfortunately suspected the appointment, and along with a friend came to the spot in time to—"

"To kill the lover."

"No, to be killed by him—both himself and friend—Alfonso slew them both. 'Twas for them the Black Cross was erected."

"And Juanita?"

"While they were fighting by the great palm tree, Emilia arrived, and, terrified at the conflict, fled. The result of the combat was as I have told you. Alfonso left the country, for the officers of justice were in search of him, and it is reported that he reached New Orleans, in the United States, where he is now residing."

"Ha! a thought strikes me, De Alva?"

"How?"

"Alfonso is not in the United States—he is here!"

"Here?"

"Yes, I saw him last night."

"Last night?"

I then related to De Alva my adventure of the previous night, which, upon hearing, he immediately ordered horses, and we galloped off for the cabinet of Señor G. On our arrival there we found that my suspicions had been correct, and that Juanita had indeed fled, none knew whither, but as all conjectured, with Alfonso.

Two weeks after, I was in the Havana, and taking up the Diario in a Café, I read that upon the night of Juanita's departure from Matanzas, a schooner had been lying off Batabano, on the southern coast, and in the twilight of the morning had exchanged two or three persons had put off for her, when she made sail toward the Isle of Pines. It was conjectured that this schooner had carried off the daughter of Señor G. and her lover—and that they had retired to the United States. Since that time nothing has been heard of them.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1833.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and a copy of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Since our last, Winter—which has been dispersed all along to play the coquette—has given us a deep taste of a baffled coquette's spite—storms, tears, and capricious wailings. The wind has howled about the casements, and in the chimneys in a manner most horribly playing Aolian variations which there is never an Ole Bull of them all can emulate or approach. We hope the echoes of this music were of the right sort—*heart-echoes*—reminding the rich and comfortable that there are in the world the pale and destitute: and that the neglected and scarcely valued or counted superfluous of the rich, which can be spared and can missed, are precisely the necessaries which are lacking from the basket and store of the destitute.

There is a solemn moaning in the music of the wind, which, had we melancholy, might not all melancholy measure in it. It means *in spite of us*—and thus suggests the memory that our condition, as far as dependent on outer circumstances, is beyond our control. We cannot stay the hand of death, or hold a ball to the march of the pestilence, or with certainty avert the approach of poverty or reverses. But if we cannot control the wind, we can so order our conscience by keeping to good terms with that monitor, and fulfilling our duties to each other, that we can honestly enjoy our own fireside," and let the wind blow on without reproaching us.—As saith the poet:—

> "Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude."

If we have no ingratitude of our own to answer for—if we have shown our special gratitude to our friends, and our general gratitude to our Maker, by leading a good, steady, and useful life, we can let the thoughts of the ingratitude of others sacend the flue with the steam from our skipper and not be in the street of the wind—with sorrow, indeed, for the mischief it may be doing—but with gratitude—selfish but allowable—that it is doing no harm. And while thus grateful we feel a heart large enough to hug all mankind and warm them—if we could—and we warm

If we could! Alas! How few of us do what we can! And that is the true reason why we shiver, when the wind sighs and grumbles, as if the Avenging Angel were blowing the items and specifications of our undones, overdones and leaveones, through shutter and casement, piercing through the warm jacket.

Good Daffel gray, or flannel for.

The District Attorney of each man's heart—conscience—Lord Glenedgerry, Esq. for he is not to be cajoled by complimentary calls up the shadowy witnesses before us, and the very cheerful—calm and collected—bright lamp at our terror. Beltesbazzar started at the hand writing on the wall. Chorl! Nigzar! Mosey! Start and shudder at the burning letters in the cresia. You too are weighed in the balance, and you are found wanting, while those want, whom you might relieve.

And now—to return to the key note of our wind gamut—with a grate bar interlude—"as we were saying" the roaring of the wind which bloweth where it listeth, reminds one of the circumstances and happenings of this other airwave wind, which swiftly, ripe, as we say does, despite of our control. As we guard ourselves against the weather, so must we against the circumstances which may throw our lot miserable or happy—for there is as much need of precaution in one event as in the other. The following is a case for readers to need that we should hint it down. As our lookers must have protection against the blast, so must our minds and tempers against adversity. And if our readers do not know Where to look for that protection, and Who will help them build that munition house—why they most certainly either have spent their First Days to little purpose, or else have misspent them to a good waste.

Johnson, in admitting some tadpole writer with an immense coming forward of preparation, and a most ridiculous falling-off-in-point of conclusion, (we think it was Johnson, and if not, no matter) said that the writer in question reminded him of an itinerant Mohometan, shouting—

* Oneota. *Read Stone Eye—Frontice d.*

"*In the name of the Prophet!*"

And when all the people listened to see what the name of the prophet might prelude, the peripatetic answered—

"Fuss!"

Meaning thereby, that he exulted that toothsome fruit. This Mussulman knew the true Author or Art of Sinking in the poetry of street cries. If his sometimes cousin of ours, Gentle Gossip, that in these miscellaneous leaders we exemplify the same thing—the flashes of notwithstanding, and whereas, and of which, reasonable fair winter homily it was awkward to remark that the Post is the best paper published—a stern thing, indeed, whenever the House of Representatives hath spoken its collective and Legislative mind on both Oregon and Texas. But by reference to the columns of the paper, these and other interesting facts may readily be gathered, and we dismiss the reader to the task of finding them out.

PLAGIARISM.

It is really painful that American readers so crave foreign literature, and so neglect their own writers, and their works, that the most audacious plagiarisms, by foreign writers, are lain, and pass for sensations, unchecked, in the very land from which the plunder is taken. A few months ago the Rev. John Pierpont's beautiful lines, "To My Boy," appeared in the Metropolitan, an English periodical, and were copied largely into the American newspapers, credited to the English work. More such cases occur than we have time or patience to particularize. The latest which has fallen under our notice, is an article in Hunt's London Journal, headed "Confessions of a Mesmerizer." It appeared some time ago, in this country, under the title of "Mesfield," in a work published by the Harpers, called "Tales of Glauber Spa." A new edition of the book with a few less or less choice tales of it are from the press of Miss C. M. Sedgwick, and Messrs. Paulding, Bryant, Sands, and Leggett. In the other stories as far as we have seen the average of British Magazine tales, we may expect to see them all reproduced in their order, in England, as English productions of high merit here, from "Magazines by the last steamer." Indeed, we would suggest to some of our continental conductors of the newspaper press, the make it their chief merit to be the first to republish English stories, that they take the "Tales of Glauber Spa" and "Mesfield," and actually to affix the credit, when they receive new copies of the English Magazines. It will save time, since he in good order, or at the right place, in which the struggle is, who shall earliest copy English literature, and most effectually crowd out our own.

A most amusing case, in which the writer of this paragraph was a party interested, occurred a few years ago. He translated a French tale good enough of itself, but so thoroughly French in its idiom, and so bare of incidents, that a few were thrown in, in the translation. Other alterations were made. Perhaps they improved it—and perhaps not—but they served a purpose of which the translator little dreamed at the time. The tale appeared in the columns of a newspaper and was forgotten. A year or two afterward the American papers were copying, from Maine to Georgia, a highly extolled story from the London Forget-me-Not, and the editorial reliance of the writer herself had already followed the example of her sciences, when something that looked like an old acquaintance caught the office's eye. The London Magazine was his own translation, emendations, alterations, Yankee provincialisms, and all! And the tale, with its idiom, bare here, from "Magazines by the last steamer." Indeed, we would suggest to some of our continental conductors of the newspaper press, the make it their chief merit to be the first to republish English stories, that they take the "Tales of Glauber Spa" and "Mesfield," and actually to affix the credit, when they receive new copies of the English Magazines. It will save time, since he in good order, or at the right place, in which the struggle is, who shall earliest copy English literature, and most effectually crowd out our own.

THE ANTI-RENTERS.

The wars and rumors of wars continue from the anti-renters counties of New York, but they are regularly accompanied with accounts of the *arrest* of the officers in enforcing *their* processes, in despite of the show of resistance. If the Governor of the New York Circuit Court of Albany county be followed out, the resistance of Sheriff's officers will prove to have been a false alarm. In that court Mr. Chancellor Walworth, a Deputy Sheriff of Albany county, who was assaulted and maltreated by a number of Indians, while in the discharge of his official duties in 1841, has recovered a verdict of ten thousand dollars against four of the individuals who were present at the time of the assault committed, and who, though not actually participating in the assault themselves, yet countenanced and encouraged those who did the latter. Beside these, we may mention the general fact, that there are a very large number of cheap periodicals in London, which are half made up of American miscellaneous writings, republished without any note or mark of their origin. Our republishers, in the cheap publications, have more honesty than this, because honesty happens to be their policy. They cater for a reading public who prefer foreign wares in cotton—and they therefore give British "credits" as a recommendation. John Bull prefers home productions, and as his caterers give the American tales under the British stamp, and we wish there were a little more of this spirit in our land: and that people would be persuaded to prefer their own, all other things being equal.

There is, we are glad to say, a growing disposition to permit Americans to be heard: and it is no more than justice to say, that the Philadelphia periodical press has led the way in this reform. Our periodicals, as a class, are more American than those of other cities. Our Magazines—and in justice to the New York Magazines last started, we must give them the same credit—are thoroughly American. The newspapers are also emphatically so: and the Family Weeklies, among which the Post has been a pioneer and leader, have developed a class of practical and excellent story-writers, whose productions have done, and are doing, great good, in every point of view. It will continue to be our study to encourage this: and to make American subjects, and American writers our preference.

While talking about originality, it occurs to us to note that the excellent paper upon the Life of Marion, in the last week's Post, was copied from Graham, for the sake of the moral, and should have been credited to that work. The omission was an accident.

THE OREGON BILL.

As will be perceived by our Congressional report, the Bill establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon, passed the House of Representatives, on Monday. Previous to the passage of the Bill, a motion to lay it on the table was lost—ayes 72, nays 101. A clause providing against slavery was adopted as an amendment—yeas 121, nays 69. The amendment, regarding the Treaties of the United States to give notice in the United States Government was adopted—yeas 121, nays 72.

The Bill contains forty three Sections, the greater part of which relate to the officers, &c. of the Territory, and their functions and allowances—articles of other territorial bills. There are to be a Governor and Secretary, to reside West of the Rocky Mountains, holding office for five years, and liable to impeachment during good behavior. There is a Legislative Council of five provided, one of whom goes out every five years, and who are to be elected by the General Assembly, which is to consist of not more than fifty members, and to be elected as soon as the treaties of limits and settlers in the Territory. The Governor and Judges, are to adopt and publish such laws as they find the States and Territories, to give them proper, and report to Congress, which laws are to be in force till a General Assembly is duly organized. Other necessary officers are also provided for.

The President is authorized and required to establish a line of stockade by the forces now on the most practicable route to the Rocky Mountains, and to fortify the mouth of Columbia River. In these and forty acres of land are to be granted by law, to each settler who remains five years in occupation—one hundred and sixty to each single man—three hundred for each child born within the five years, but the patent does not issue till the end of the term, and no sale, &c. &c. is valid, till the patent is issued. The future grants of lands are also subject to the settlement of Indian claims, and to the adjustment of the dispute with Great Britain.

The Bill provides, that from and after its passage, all the country belonging to the United States, lying west of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and bounded on the south by the forty-second, and on the north by the fifty-fourth degree and forty minutes of north latitude, shall constitute and be organized into a temporary government, to be called the Oregon Territory. But though the territorial government dates from the passage of the act, by the last Section, "the President is required to cause due notice to be given to the British Government, of the desire and intention of the Government of the United States to annul and abrogate the convention with Great Britain, relative" to the joint occupancy of said Territory. The Bill, in original and in form, is then as reasonable fair winter homily it was awkward to remark that the Post is the best paper published—a stern thing, indeed, whenever the House of Representatives hath spoken its collective and Legislative mind on both Oregon and Texas. But by reference to the columns of the paper, these and other interesting facts may readily be gathered, and we dismiss the reader to the task of finding them out.

WISCONSIN.

In his late address to the Legislature of Wisconsin, Gen. Talmadge, the Territorial Governor, said: "To my mind, Wisconsin is to be, of all countries, the most desirable for farmers. Here, pre-eminently, a small amount of capital, with care, industry, and good management, secures that priceless boon of man's desire, Independence." The following, also, may be said of Iowa, and of other of the new States. We cannot put the superlative to each, even of the Bill, in criminal law, and avoid the troublesome contradiction; but each of the new States, has its peculiar advantages, for different ranges and purposes. One thing is certain, ownership of unincumbered land, in a free country, is the nearest approach to absolute independence which is follows, that a social being, like man, can desire.

From the annual reports, &c., presented to the Legislature, we learn that the Territory is rapidly increasing in population and in wealth. It was organized into a territorial government in 1836, embracing 47,000,000 acres, of which 10,000,000 have been surveyed. The first sales of public lands took place in 1835: the second sale, more than double the first, in 1836, was 2,900,418 acres, for the sum of $2,761,767. The land mines of the territory will be an inexhaustible source of wealth. According to the census of 1840, the whole amount of lead produced in the United States and Territories, was 21,338,953 lbs.; and the capital invested was $1,346,755. Of this amount Wisconsin produced nearly one half, or 15,120,350 lbs., and the capital employed by her was $644,000. The actual extension of the taxable personal property of all its counties, in the year 1843, amounted to $8,077,300.

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

We gather the following from the Missionary Herald. The Board of the American Board of Missions, established at Boston in 1810, is conducted by a committee of thirty-seven gentlemen, in the four quarters of the globe. Connected with this Board are their stations, at which are laboring 132 ordained missionaries, 8 of whom are physicians, and 7 physicians not connected with the Board, 31 teachers, 17 printers and book-binders, five other lay brethren, and 178 married and unmarried females—in all, 343 laborers sent from this Board. They have under their care 20 native churches, 17 native preachers and 122 other native helpers —making the whole number in foreign lands connected with the Board 500 native helpers and assistants. The number of persons connected with the Church membership of these churches, is 25,412.

There are 44 seminaries in connection with these missions, designed chiefly for training native teachers and preachers, in which are 983 pupils; and other boarding schools, containing 1,028 pupils; making the number of boarding pupils under immediate Christian instruction, 1,412. There are also 628 free schools, in which are 20,000 scholars; and the whole number in a course of education, under the care of these missions, about 42,000. They have, since their commencement, (about 30 years ago,) been instrumental in translating 75,000 persons, adults and children, to read the Scriptures in their own language. There are also some have fifteen printing establishments, comprising six type foundries, 30 presses, 32 fonts of type, and print in 32 different languages. The printing for the missions during the year, has amounted to 44,626,000 pages. The whole number of pages printed for the missions of the Board, since its commencement, has been about 488,900,000, in thirty-eight different languages.

THE OREGON TREATY.

We have, as the latest rumor from Washington, that the negotiations between Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Packenham, in relation to Oregon, have been closed "without any satisfactory result." A satisfactory result includes our simple rights, and those alone. In that event Mr. Calhoun will, as a Deputy Sheriff of Albany county, who was assaulted and maltreated by a number of Indians, while in the discharge of his official duties in 1841, has recovered a verdict of ten thousand dollars against four of the individuals who were present at the time of the assault committed, and who, though not actually participating in the assault themselves, yet countenanced and encouraged those who did the latter. Beside these, we may mention the general fact, that there are a very large number of cheap periodicals in London, which are half made up of American miscellaneous writings, republished without any note or mark of their origin. Our republishers, in the cheap publications, have more honesty than this, because honesty happens to be their policy. They cater for a reading public who prefer foreign wares in cotton—and they therefore give British "credits" as a recommendation. John Bull prefers home productions, and as his caterers give the American tales under the British stamp, and we wish there were a little more of this spirit in our land: and that people would be persuaded to prefer their own, all other things being equal.

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A "NEW" DISCOVERY.

The papers are quoting from the foreign correspondence of the National Intelligencer, the statement that a recent discovery has recently been made by an Englishman, by which engravings of any size may be so exactly copied, that no perceptible difference can be discerned between the copy and the original—the copy is printed from the original plate, and the original plate never having been seen by the copyist, and the finest lines being preserved.

This *new* invention—and if we are wrong, the New England editors can set us right—is an old one. Senefelder, the inventor of lithography in Massachusetts, a man who would take a bank note, an engraving, a printed page, a written page, and by means of a peculiar ink, tolerably recent date, and produce you a perfect fac-simile in five minutes. His process was simply to moisten the paper, and, before printing to stone, that it could be used, without any retouching as lithographic drawings are—i. e. new copies could be printed from the transfer. He used some description of acid, by which the discharge of the ink, from the paper to the stone, was perfected and improved, and the ink thus transferred, answered the same purpose that a lithographic drawing does.

The English accounts, say that copies may be multiplied, *ad infinitum*, books may be reprinted as from stereotype-plates, and wonderful consequences of the newspaper press, the make it their chief merit to be the first to republish English stories, that they take the "Tales of Glauber Spa" and "Mesfield," and actually to affix the credit, when they receive new copies of the English Magazines. It will save time, since he in good order, or at the right place, in which the struggle is, who shall earliest copy English literature, and most effectually crowd out our own.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings*.
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, and John Collins*.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS *in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines: being a Supplement to his Dictionary. With 190 engravings. By Andrew Ure. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.* This is a necessary appendix to the valuable Dictionary of Dr. Ure. In the sciences, at this day, nothing is stationary. Successive numbers of the various scientific periodicals exhibit constantly occurring discoveries; and Doctor Ure has here made an addition bringing his book fully up to the present time.

PETER SCHEMIHL. Years ago we read and admired *Peter Schemihl*, the man who lost his shadow. The story is wild—as German stories have a right to be—the lesson is excellent, as that of all stories should be. The re-publication of an article on our last page, suggested by Peter, reminds us to say, that a cheap edition of Howitt's translation of the German work may be had of *T. B. Peterson*.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* No. 22 of this work is out, and the publishers announce that the two remaining numbers will be issued in February, thus completing the work much sooner than was promised. Convenient in its form for reference, and full in its articles, this is commended on all hands, as one of the most valuable works extant.

CHEMISTRY, MADE EASY, FOR THE USE OF AGRICULTURISTS. *By the Rev. J. Topham, M. A. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson*. This is a reprint of one of the most *useable* works upon the subject of which it treats, that we have ever met. It is short, plain, cheap, and practical; and it is worth the while of every farmer in the land to read it.

THE DOUAY BIBLE. The Eighteenth and Nineteenth numbers of the Douay Bible, published by Dunigan, have been received by *Cunningham*, completing the Old, and commencing the New Testament. But five more numbers remain to complete this neat edition. To the church by whom this translation is received, this is a most acceptable edition.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. *By Connop Thirlwall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., T. B. Peterson, and Ferrett & Co.*, No. VI of this serial has been published, bringing the history down to the death of Alexander, and the Lamian war. In arrangement it is clear, and in style, attractive.

SCOTT'S BIBLE. No. 13 of Campbell's edition of Scott, commencing the second volume has been laid upon our table. The publisher is now pushing his work out with expedition—but not faster than readers demand it.

POOR JACK. *By Captain Marryatt.* This last of Marryatt's Sea Novels, by many esteemed his best, and by all, one of the best, has been re-produced in a new and cheap edition, and is for sale by *T. B. Peterson*.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN. *T. B. Peterson.* We have often wondered why this clever satire on lying travellers had never been republished—and here the wonder ceases, for the book is out. It is the model work of its kind.

PUNCH'S SNAP DRAGON. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a collection of right merry quips and seasonable fun—good of course. It will cure the blues to a miracle.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER TEN.

THE MINERS—THE GERMAN OCEAN—THE THAMES—LONDON—THE TOWER.

London, August 18th, 1844.

I witnessed a scene at Newcastle that cannot soon be forgotten; as it showed more plainly than I had before an opportunity of observing, the state to which the laboring classes of England are reduced. Hearing one morning singing in the street under my window, I looked out and saw a body of men, apparently of the lower class, but decent and sober looking, who were singing in a rude and plaintive strain, some ballad, the purport of which I could not understand. On making inquiry, I discovered it was part of a body of miners, who, about eighteen weeks ago, in consequence of not being able to support their families with the small pittance allowed them, had "struck" for higher wages. This their employers refused to give them, and sent to Wales, where they obtained workmen at the former price. The houses these laborers had occupied were all taken from them, and for eighteen weeks they had no other means of subsistence than the casual charity given them for singing the story of their wrongs. It made my blood boil to hear those tones, wrung from the heart of poverty by the hand of tyranny. We heard afterwards, in the streets, another company, who played on musical instruments. Beneath the proud swell of England's martial airs, there sounded to my ears a tone whose gathering murmur will make itself heard ere long, by the dull ears of Power.

The new part of Newcastle is quite handsomely built, and contains many fine buildings, but the old part is quite old and disagreeable enough. Except the Roman tower, I found little there to interest me, during the two days we passed there waiting for the steamboat. One circumstance, however, is perhaps worth mentioning. On looking over a book advertisement in the Tyne Mercury, I was surprised to find in a list of seventy books, forty by American authors!—including the works of Cooper, Irving, Dr. Bird, Simms, Hoffman, Neal, &c., as well as many single works of other authors. Happening to look over a collection of cheap publications, I found a copy of Longfellow's "Hyperion," which I bought for 8d! It is quite common to see in the English newspapers the poems of Bryant and Longfellow, copied from the American Magazines.

At last at the appointed time, we found ourselves on board the "London Merchant," in the muddy Tyne, waiting for the tide to rise high enough to permit us to descend the river. The clustered houses, with their red roofs, with here and there a square tower, made on the steep banks quite a picturesque show. Following the windings of the narrow river, we passed Sunderland, a place of considerable importance, and Tynemouth, where it expands into the German Ocean, the picturesque ruins of an old Castle standing on the high bank. The water was barely stirred by a gentle wind, and little resembled the wild, stormy sea I expected to find it. We glided over the smooth surface, watching the blue line of the distant shore till dark, and retired to our narrow berths with the consolation that it would be our last night at sea for a long time. Next day we were in sight of the low shore the whole day, sometimes seeing the dim outline of a church or group of trees, over the downs or flat beds of sand, which border the eastern coast of England. About dark the red light of the Nore was seen, and we hoped before many hours to be in London. Soon the lights of Gravesend were passed, but about ten o'clock, as we were entering the narrow channel of the Thames, we came in collision with another steamboat, without, however, doing much injury, but it was deemed expedient to lay to for awhile.

I went on deck in the gray light of morning again, and we were gliding up a narrow, muddy river, between rows of gloomy buildings, with many vessels lying at anchor. It grew lighter and lighter, when, as we turned a point right before me lay a vast crowd of vessels, and in the distance, above the wilderness of buildings, stood a dim, gigantic dome in the sky: what a bound my heart gave at the sight! And the tall pillar that stood near it—it did not need a second glance to tell me of the Monument. I knew the majestic bridge that spanned the river above; but on the right bank, stood a cluster of massive buildings, crowned with many a turret, that attracted my eye. What a crowd of associations pressed bewilderingly upon the mind, to see standing there, grim and dark with many a bloody page of England's history—the tower of London! The morning sky was as yet but faintly obscured by the coal-smoke, yet in spite of the thrilling interest of the scene, I could not help thinking of Byron's ludicrous but most expressive description:

> "A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping,
> Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
> Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
> In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
> Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
> On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
> A huge dun cupola, like a fool's-cap crown
> On a fool's head,—and there is London town."

In the course of time we came to anchor in the stream; skiffs from the shore came alongside, and after some little quarrelling, we were safely deposited in one, with a party who desired to be landed at Tower Stairs. The dark walls frowned above us as we mounted from the water, and passed into an open square on the outside of the moat. The laborers were about commencing work, the fashionable *day* having just closed, but there was still noise and bustle enough in the streets, particularly when we got to Whitechapel, part of the great thoroughfare, extending through the heart of London to Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings. Further on, through Leadenhall street and Fleet street,—what a world! Here come the ever-thronging, ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here day and night, pours the stream of human beings seeming amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like some great combat. How lonely it makes one, to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng that divides itself around him, not a being knows him or cares for him. And what knows he too, of the thousands who pass him by? How many who bear the impress of god-like virtue, or hide beneath a goodly countenance, a heart black with crime? How many fiery spirits, all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future, or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair? There is a sublimity in this human Niagara, that makes one feel his insignificance.

Our first visit in London was to the Tower. We crossed the moat at the western entrance, and at the gate procured tickets for the armories and the Jewel Room. This arrangement in the buildings under the direction of government, by which one pays a certain sum for his ticket, and the guides are forbidden to receive gratuities, is much more agreeable to the traveller than the system generally pursued at show-places. The space within the walls of the Tower is twelve acres, and the oldest part of it, called the White Tower, is said to have been built by William the Conqueror. Additions were afterwards made by William Rufus, Henry I., who built the Lion's Tower, Edward IV., Richard III., &c. Instead of one large building, as I had supposed, it consists of a large number, of which each one has its peculiar history. After taking our places in a room where many others were waiting, the warders came, old men dressed in an antique livery, who counted off a certain number and went away with them, as only a few are allowed to be taken at a time. After these privileged individuals had made the circuit of the Horse Armory, they were taken to see the Crown Jewels while we were admitted into the former place; our tickets and ourselves having first been carefully compared. It was like a leap far back into the past. There stood the long row of kings and knights, mounted on their steeds, clad in the armor they wore during life, and looking as if they waited but the sound of the the trumpet to start from their tranced repose. On each side hung spears and lances and helmets, and silent, moveless sentinels guarded every entrance. I can only name the principal curiosities in this magnificent collection. The armour of Henry I., Richard III., Essex, Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Charles I., a splendid suit inlaid with gold, presented to Charles XI. by the city of London, Clarence, Gloster, one of Charles I., when a boy, besides suits, plate and chain armour innumerable. There was also the Saracenic coat of mail, worn by the Sultan Bajazet.

From thence, we ascended into Queen Elizabeth's Armory, by a wide staircase, hung with ancient weapons. What horrid implements of destruction were here collected! It would seem as if man had exhausted all his art in inventing machines for the torture and destruction of his fellow. Here were morning stars, balls of pointed iron, fastened by a chain to the end of a pole, barbed spears, battle-axes of all descriptions, spears, which opening with a spring, fastened themselves around the neck of the enemy, while a lance thrusting itself out, entered his breast, and swords of every possible description. It made me shudder in looking at them, to think what devils men can be. Thank God that barbarous age is past, and there is some prospect of the present generation learning a loftier lesson.

Adjoining Queen Elizabeth's Armory is a dismal cell, cut out of the very thickness of the wall, where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for seven years. Near the door stand two other objects of horror—the block on which the Scottish nobles were beheaded, and the axe with which Anne Boleyn was executed. At the end of the Armory is an effigy of Elizabeth in a dress similar to the one in which she attended church to offer up prayers after the destruction of the Spanish Armada. I turned away from all this splendor to go again into the lonely dungeon where her victim had lain, and try to picture to myself his situation. We were attended to the Jewel Room by police officers, and again counted before entering. What a blaze of splendor here meets the eye! Think of fifteen million dollars worth of gold and jewels, piled up in one dazzling heap—a pyramid of crowns and sceptres! It is surmounted by the crown of Victoria, in the front of which gleams the magnificent ruby, worn in the helmet of Edward, the Black Prince. Here are also the simple diadem of Anne Boleyn, and the crown of Edward the Confessor, together with a baptismal font, and the coronation tools, of gold.

In the yard I saw the prison in which Lady Jane Grey was confined, partly destroyed by the great fire. Several pieces of cannon which had been taken at Waterloo were laying about, one or two half melted, and one of the first made in Europe, which had been used in the Battle of Cressy. The guide also showed us the window of the room where the young princes were murdered. While we were looking at it, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who is now on a visit to England, drove off, the soldiers ranging in a file as he passed. He is a plain looking man, with quite a German countenance, of perhaps thirty-five years of age.

We passed the Beauchamp Tower, where most of the noble victims were imprisoned, and crossed the vast drawbridge on our way to the Thames Tunnel. J. B. T.

LONGEVITY.—The Newport Mercury of Saturday has a list of twenty-five persons who died during the year 1844, whose united ages make 1,956, giving an average for each of 78 years! The youngest in the list was 71—and there were eight, each of whose years exceeded 82—varying from that to 89. These twenty-five formed about a fifth of all the deaths in the town for the year.

☞ The Governor of Missouri, has pardoned an abolitionist of the name of Work, who was sentenced to the Penitentiary about three years since, for assisting in the escape of negroes from Marion County. His punishment was fixed at nine years.

Crimes.

☞ An altercation took place among some boys at New Haven, on Thursday afternoon week, returning from school, which resulted in a serious wound inflicted in the neck of the lad by the name of Magee, by one Blakeslee with a pocket knife, which came near being fatal. The boys are about twelve years of age. This fact of boys, well enough cared for to be sent to school, drawing knives upon each other is an awful omen. As men practice, boys learn.

MURDERS.—In Hannibal, Mo., on the 22d of January, a man named W. P. Ousley, presented a gun upon a farmer, named Starr, who was riding through the town, fired and killed him. In Palmyra, Mo., on the day previous, a young man named Dudley, wounded another, named Kiger, with a bowie knife, in the throat, so that he is not expected to survive. In both cases there had been a previous quarrel.

☞ William Miller, the German who was sentenced to death for the murder of George West, a German, in Sandlake, in May, 1842, at the last term of Circuit Court held at Troy, in November last, was executed in the jail in that city on the 28th ult., in pursuance of his sentence. The execution took place in the hall of the upper story of the jail in presence of the Sheriff and about fifty citizens.

☞ On the 2d ult., a Cherokee man named Beamer, living in Skin Bayou district, was murdered by Thomas B. Waitie, by a single stab with a bowie knife, in the presence of a woman. Waitie was arrested. This is the third time that he has been arraigned for the like offence, having been previously twice tried and acquitted.

☞ Wm. J. Neal, a man, living in the North Ward of Newark, N. J., attempted to take the life of his wife on Monday of last week, by discharging at her a gun loaded with buckshot. The charge merely grazed her breast. The neighbors alarmed by the noise rushed in and secured the brute.

☞ A drover of the name of Pratt, has recently swindled some of the farmers of Conway, Mass., and of the adjoining towns, out of about $8,000.

☞ Gen. Gould, a clerk in the Post Office, at Nashville, Tenn., has been arrested, charged with purloining letters from the mail, containing money.

Casualties.

On the 16th ult., in Middlecreek township, Union county, Pa., a very promising little boy, son of Mr. Michael Dinges, had ascended to the hay-mow, in the barn, and while playing, ran a hay-hook into his abdomen several inches. A physician was called, who could but remove the hook by opening the child—the physician giving it as his opinion that the child would die under the operation. But the little sufferer survived and lived until Sunday evening, the 25th ult., when he died.

☞ The wife of Mr. Enos Simpkins, of Bridgeton, West Jersey, was choked to death on Friday evening of last week, by getting a piece of ham fast in her throat. It appears that she had gone to the closet to cut ham for supper, and before leaving the closet had put a small piece in her mouth which she had attempted to swallow. Her death was so instantaneous that no person had time to do any thing to afford her relief.

☞ We learn from the Independence, Mo., Expositor, that on the 8th ult., while a party of men in Clay county were firing a salute in commemoration of the Battle of New Orleans, the cannon burst and severely wounded three men, one of them having both his eyes blown out; and the other two having each a hand blown off.

☞ A young man named Samuel Smith, aged 19, was caught in the machinery of R. Crouther's carding mill, at West Farms, N. Y., a short time since, and so injured, that he died on the third day. His leg was torn off below the knee.

Fires:

FIRES IN SALEM.—Salem, (Mass.) is afflicted with incendiaries. On Tuesday night of last week, the workshop of Messrs. Kimball & Sargent, and a room in the Franklin Building, on the opposite side of the street, were set on fire at the same time but were fortunately got under without much difficulty. On Wednesday evening, the whole Franklin Building, a large four story brick structure, extending along Newbury street, from Bath to Essex street, and along Essex street—was nearly all consumed. The occupants of the portion destroyed were, on the lower floor, Mr. Pearson, Tobacconist and Cigar Manufacturer, Mr. Gordon, Provision Dealer, Mr. Estes, Oyster Room and Refectory. Mr. Pearson also had a room on the second floor, and Mr. Leavitt a school-room. The Salem Marine Society room was on the second floor. In the third and fourth stories were the large Dancing Hall and Drawing Rooms. The entire loss is estimated at nearly $15,000, and there is an insurance on the building of $10,000. Mr. Pearson saved a portion of his stock and was insured for $1,500—Mr. Gordon for $1,200. During the progress of the fire a man had his left thigh fractured, and his head cut and bruised by the falling upon him of a portion of the coping of the wall.

FIRE AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We learn from the Democrat, that on Friday evening week, a fire broke out in Schidmore's variety store, Starr's Block, Main street, which, with nearly all its contents, was totally destroyed. The adjoining tin and sheet iron factory, belonging to Henry Miller, was also destroyed; but most of his goods were saved. The building was of brick, four stories high, of which nothing remains but the bare walls. The second and third stories were occupied by Mr. Starr as a cabinet shop, who lost considerable furniture and stock. The loss is estimated at from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars.

FIRES IN BALTIMORE.—On Friday of last week, about 12 o'clock, the ropewalk of Mr. Durant, on Gallows Hill, was destroyed by fire. Loss some $[illegible] or 1,000, partially covered by insurance. On Saturday night, two unfinished brick dwellings, near the junction of West Baltimore and Pratt streets, the property of Mr. Jacob Wilde. About 11 o'clock on the same night, the plane factory of Mr. R. W. Maccubbin, in McClellan's Alley, next door to the First Baltimore Engine House, was discovered to be on fire. The upper stories of the house were burnt.

☞ A fire broke out at Dayton, O., on the night of the 25th ult., in the smoke house adjoining the pork house of Davis & Pendry, occupied by them, and at the time full of meat. The smoke house was consumed, and its contents, if not all entirely destroyed, at least greatly injured. The loss falls most heavily upon Mr. Hertzler, near Springfield, who had the meat of one thousand hogs hanging at the time. Davis & Pendry, and Thomas Smith, lose $1,000 to $1,200 each. Hertzler's loss is about $5,000.

☞ The Easton (Md.) Gazette, states that the dwelling on "Cook's Hope," in Talbot county, Md., the property of Mrs. Maria Rogers, and residence of Mr. Matthew Driver, with nearly all its contents, was on Thursday morning week, about nine o'clock, consumed by fire.

☞ At East Cleveland, Ohio, the woollen factory was destroyed on the 25th ult. Loss about $1,200. Small insurance on the machinery. Building owned by Mr. Samuel Cozard, and remainder of property belonging to Messrs. Kay, Ramsbottom, and one or two others.

☞ There were twenty-eight fires and alarms of fires in Boston during January. The engines played at fires 14 times in the city, and out of the city one time.

☞ A fine new store, on Maywood's wharf, Charleston, S. C., has been destroyed, with 650 bales of cotton.

☞ The residence of Mr. John Swinburne, at Flatbush, L. I., with its contents, was entirely destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning, between three and four o'clock. The occupants barely escaped with their lives. There was an insurance of $1,000 on the property.

☞ The Sandersville Telescope (Ga.) of the 24th ult. says: "On Saturday night last the steam mills owned by Gen. T. J. Warthen, took fire and were consumed—not a vestige of the machinery or any property within the establishment being saved. Loss $4,000.

☞ Hancock & Mann's candle manufactory in Baltimore, was destroyed by fire, on Monday night. Insured $36,000—$7,000 of which was on the Franklin, and $2,000 in the Spring Garden Ins. Companies, of Philadelphia.

☞ The barn of Mr. James Rider, in Mountjoy, Pa., was destroyed by fire with five horses, four head of cattle, &c., on Friday week. Loss $3,000.

☞ The Patent Leather Factory of D. B. Crockett & Co., New Jersey, was burned on Sunday last.

☞ The Poor House, at Salem, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire, on Saturday. No one was injured.

Local Intelligence.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The "Sons of Temperance" dedicated their Hall, corner of Second and Brown streets, on Monday evening. Thos. B. Florence, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Porter, and Wm. D. Baker, Esq. The "Sons of Temperance" are a new beneficial Order, the members of which are pledged to mutual abstinence, and to mutual assistance of each other. The Order has been organized in many sections of the country, and is "going ahead."

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The semi-annual examinations of the High School, have taken place this week; and the result is the same honorable testimony to the excellent character of the Institution, and the thorough instruction of the pupils, that has been noticed at previous examinations. There is no better Public School in the world.

IN THE CASE OF LEWIS C. LEVIN, charged with riot and misdemeanor for a publication in the "Sun," which came before the Quarter Sessions on Wednesday; Mr. Kelly, for the prosecution, said that whatever immorality there was in the conduct of the defendant in the publication alluded to, yet the act itself was not so laid in the indictment as that a conviction could stand, and he therefore proposed to lay it before the jury without evidence, and take a verdict of acquittal. Such was the course pursued, though the counsel for defendant said he was desirous a trial should take place, as he was prepared to defend himself successfully.

STATE INTEREST.—The Bank of Pennsylvania has been busy during the week paying off the State Interest, in conformity with the act just passed. The attendance was very large on some of the days. On Monday a salute was fired on Bush Hill, the number of guns corresponding to the number of the Senators and Representatives who voted for the act.

BURGLARY.—The store of Edmund N. Stagers, corner of Eighth and Fitzwater street was burglariously entered on Monday night, and a large quantity of goods were taken. They were found, however, on the premises of a woman named Margaret Moses, who, with a colored man, was committed for trial.

☞ John Currey, indicted for participation in the Kensington riots was on Monday acquitted. Before the trial was concluded the Distict Attorney abandoned the case, declaring that an alibi had been sufficiently proved, and the jury, under his direction returned a verdict of not guilty.

ICE.—The recent "cold snap" has been industriously improved, and the quantity of ice already housed is enough to guard against any absolute scarcity. Enough will undoubtedly be gathered during the other "cold snaps" which we are bound to have, to make the article abundant.

COL. DIGBY, with a dozen aliases, famous of old as a skilful practitioner in obtaining goods under false pretences, is again in prison. He has had seven years experience in the penitentiary.

☞ Hon. Thomas Sergeant has been unanimously elected President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in place of the late Mr. Duponceau.

COL. P. ALBRIGHT, accused of participation in the Kensington riots, was last week acquitted.

☞ Nicholas Hare, indicted for participation in the Kensington riots, has been acquitted.

General News.

AVALANCHE.—On Monday evening week, a portion of the hill adjacent to the Steeple Rocks on the Hudson River, comprising an area of six or seven acres, and about fifty feet in depth, broke in three masses at three several times, and slid down the face of the hill to the beach below, a distance of about two hundred yards. Upon striking the level each mass broke into pieces, piling up a chaos of gigantic fragments of pure clay, intermingled with trees, some of them of large size. The perpendicular height of the hill is perhaps 150 feet. The action of the water, and the rapid succession of freezing and thawing at intervals, will account for the phenomenon. Providentially there was no dwelling in the course of the avalance.

I. O. OF O. F.—At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Missouri, of the I. O. O. F. held on Wednesday week, in this city, the election of officers took place. Gerard B. Allen, M. W. G. Master; Henry C. Kirby, R. W. D. G. Master; Robt. Cary, R. W. G. Secretary; Conrad Fox, R. W. G. Treasurer; Henry W. Preiss, R. W. G. Warden; Isaiah Forbes, R. W. G. Conductor; Jas. Greesham, Rt. Rev. Grand Chaplain; W. H. Merrett, R. W. G. Guardian; David N. Dell, G. Host.

☞ A wolf was lately taken by one of the paws in a snare set near Imphy, France; but it had sufficient strength to drag the snare after it, and swim across the river. Being seen, it was pursued, and its followers gaining on it rapidly, it suddenly stopped and bit off the paw, thereby getting rid of the object which impeded its flight, and then escaped. Animal endurance of pain is often wonderful.

ARSENIC.—A workman in England was poisoned and died from working up arsenic in the manufacture of composite candles, for the purpose of giving them the appearance of wax. His arm and glands were swollen, purple patches gradually covered his arm, showing the putrescent state of his blood. The poison was more tardy in its effects by absorption than if taken internally, but equally certain.

☞ Very excellent mines of copper ore have been discovered on both sides of the Merrimac river, in Franklin County, Missouri, above the mouth of Indian creek. It is the most extensive and abundant supply of copper ore found on the Current, or in Madison County, Mo. It is about sixty miles from St. Louis.

☞ The Stock for a Steam Cotton Factory at Charleston, S. C., has all been taken. The city authorities have repealed the prohibition against the erection of Steam Mills in the city.

☞ Among the passengers who sailed on Thursday, the 30th ult., in the barque Cora for Maracaibo, was our highly esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Wm. J. Duhs.

☞ At Boston, on Saturday morning, Fahrenheit's Thermometer stood at four degrees below zero. The upper harbor was obstructed by ice.

☞ The Convention for mending the Constitution of Louisiana is still in session at New Orleans. Not much progress has been made.

☞ The citizens of Troy, N. Y., have contracted with Messrs. Batten & Lee, of this city, to light their city with gas.

☞ The State Bank of Missouri and Branches have in their vaults near two millions of specie. Circulation $1,555,970. Capital stock $1,200,101 15. Deposits $1,376,452.

☞ It is said that of half a million of children in Ohio, of a proper age for schools, only about 50,000 are receiving education. This will never do for the Buckeye State.

☞ Four hundred persons were recently arrested in Spain, for wearing cloaks. Probably this was on account of some police order, in reference to concealed arms.

☞ It is said that a man in Columbus, Ohio, has contracted to kill 13,000 sheep, this winter. If, after that, he can look a sheep in the face, he is a man of nerve.

☞ Of fourteen counties in Vermont, seven have voted to grant licenses, and seven have voted against it—and in each case the majority was about the same.

☞ The Marietta College, Ohio, contains one hundred and seventy-one students. The prospects of this Institution were never better than at present.

☞ Congress, within a few years past, has voted away $687,600 for books, &c., the greatest part of which has been received by members.

☞ A committee has been appointed in the Louisiana Legislature, to investigate the charges of election frauds in Plaquemine.

☞ The King of Denmark has commanded music to be taught in all the large public towns in his kingdom. A sensible man.

☞ The Legislature of Illinois has refused to repeal the law against the intermarriage of blacks and whites.

THE WEATHER.

On Monday night there was a snow storm, which deposited several inches of snow—on Tuesday a rain storm which carried it away—on Tuesday night, a snow and freezing storm, which laid a capital stratum of snow and ice—on Wednesday bitter cold weather and sweet cold sleighing—on Thursday the same subject continued. The chance for jingling sleigh bells was most industriously improved, and if some free going horses do not date their decadence from these frolics, we miss our guess.

The storm blocked the mails—as will be noted by the dates of the Legislative, and Eastern news. On Thursday morning there were no less than four trains "somewhere" in Jersey, between here and New York, and the nine o'clock train did not leave this city on that day.

Personal News.

☞ It is stated that John Tyler, Jr., son of the President, was *knocked down*, by Lieutenant Avery, U. S. N., during an evening party at the house of the Secretary of the Navy, in Washington on Monday night. We know nothing about the circumstances—and regret that the letter writers have made such a thing the subject of their letters.

☞ Justice Wiley, of New York, convicted a few years since as an accessory after the fact, to the robbery of the Fredericksburg Bank, died recently in the New York City Hospital. It will be remembered that he acted as agent of the Bank in recovering the money, or a certain portion of it.

☞ Rev. Dr. Brownlee has so far recovered his health as to have been able to attend divine worship, last Sunday, and to visit the Post Office in New York. *There is a flattering prospect of his entire recovery.* It will be remembered that he was prostrated by a paralytic stroke.

☞ Accounts from Galveston of the 12th ult., state that President Jones has issued a proclamation annulling the recognition of Gen. Green, as U. S. Consul at that port. The cause of this is stated to have been the interference of Gen. Green in the affairs of Texas.

☞ Noah Webster, L.L. D., wrote twenty-two books requiring great care and labor. His name is not more familiar than his who has written twenty-two love-sick yarns, requiring only a previous study of lackadaisical romances.

☞ The Senate of Maryland have chosen Richard H. Hall, Esq., State Director in the Bank of Baltimore, in the place of Joseph J. Speed, Esq., who has occupied that station for about fifteen years past.

☞ Gen. Almonte, the Mexican Minister to this country has been instructed by his Government to demand his passports. So saith rumor—and it may be true, or not.

☞ Mrs. Barney, widow of the late William Bedford Barney, has sued John Barney, in the Baltimore County Court, for slander—damages laid at $100,000.

☞ The President has sanctioned the appointment of Sullivan S. Rawson, as Vice Consul of Belgium for the port of Eastport, in the State of Maine.

☞ Dr. Tappan has prosecuted the editor of the Pittsburg Age, for stating that he had committed a robbery, &c., and has obtained a verdict.

☞ The Savannah papers announce the death of Adam Cope, Esq., one of the most respected residents of that city.

☞ The New York papers notice the death of Mr. W. Howard, for a long time President of the Union Bank.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senators.

JANUARY 27, 1845—George W. Charles, to be Collector of Customs for the District of Camden, and Inspector of the Revenue for the port of Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

Arthur F. Holmes, to be Appraiser at Charleston, South Carolina, vice Charles Kiddell, deceased.

Octavus Cohen, to be Navy Agent for the port of Savannah, Georgia, vice Wm. McKay, resigned.

Wm. B. Scott, to be Navy Agent for the Navy Yard in the City of Washington and for the Navy Department.

Benjamin D. Herriott, to be Navy Agent for the port of Charleston, South Carolina.

Andrew K. Long, now a Lieutenant, to be a Commander in the Navy, from the 12th of October, 1844.

James C. Williamson, now a passed Midshipman, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy, from 12th of October, 1844.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Jan. 29. Petitions were presented from Cadwaller Evans, in relation to certain improvements in the steam boiler; and resolutions from the Vermont Legislature, in favor of the present tariff, and of a reduction in postage, and adverse to the annexation of Texas. The Post Office bill was debated.

IN THE HOUSE, a memorial from Mississippi Valley, praying Congress to pass the bill of the last session amending the steamboat law, was referred to the Committee of the Whole. A bill to adjust the claims of American citizens on Mexico, was introduced by Mr. Darragh, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, on the Bill to organize the Territorial Government of Oregon.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 30. The Fortification Bill was read and referred. Certain Navy Bills, relative to rank, &c., were considered. The Post Office Bill was taken up, after which the Senate adjourned to Monday.

IN THE HOUSE, the Oregon Bill was debated, Mr. Hamblin, of Maine, speaking against it. The debate was continued through Thursday, Friday and Saturday, until two o'clock, when it closed, by resolution. Messrs. Douglass, E. Joy Morris, Severance, Garret Davis, Adams, A. V. Brown, Winthrop, Hardin, Carey and others participated in the discussion.

IN SENATE, Monday, Feb. 3. The Post Office Bill was farther debated, but not concluded. The Senate negatived the proposition to strike out the franking privilege, 15 ayes to 20 nays. Among the memorials presented, and there have been such in both Houses, were petitions for the annexation of the Canadas and New Brunswick, intended, of course, as a satire upon that of Texas.

IN THE HOUSE, the Oregon Bill was taken up on its final reading, and after its amendments were acted upon, the bill was finally passed, ayes 140, nays 59. [An abstract of the leading provisions will be found in another place.] The following is a list of the yeas and nays:

YEAS—Messrs. Anderson, Arrington, Atkinson, Belser, Benton, Bidlack, Edward J. Black, Jas. Black, A. Black, Blackwell, Bower, Bowlin, Boyd, Brinkerhoff, Brodhead, Aaron V. Brown, Wm. J. Brown, Burlington, Burke, Burt, Caldwell, Carpenter, Jeremiah E. Cary, Shepherd Cary, Catlin, Chappell, Clinton, Cobb, Cullom, Dana, Daniel, Darragh, John W. Davis, Dean, Dellet, Dickey, Dillingham, Douglass, Duncan, Dunlap, Ellis, Elmer, Farlee, Ficklin, Florence, Foster, French, Fuller, Byram Green, Grider, Hannibal, Hamilton, Hammett, Haralson, Hardin, Henley, Herrick, Hoge, Hopkins, Houston, Hubard, Hubbell, Hughes, Hungerford, Jas B. Hunt, Charles J. Ingersoll, Irvin Jameson, Cave Johnson, Perley B. Johnson, Andrew Johnson, Andrew Kennedy, Preston King, Kirkpatrick, Labranche, Leonard, Lucas, Lumpkin, Lyon, McCausien, Maclay, McClelland, McClernand, McConnell, McDowell, McKay, Mathews, Jos. Morris, Isaac E. Morse, Murphy, Norris, Owen, Parmenter, Payne, Pettit, Pollock, Emery D. Potter, Pratt, Ramsey, Rathbun, D. S. Reid, Reding, Relfe, Rhett, Ritter, Roberts, Robinson, Rogers, Russell, St. John, Sample, Schenck, Thos. H. Seymour, David L. Seymour, Simons, Simpson, Slidell, Thos Smith, Robt. Smith, Steenrod, Stetson, John Stewart, Stiles, Jas. W. Stone, Alfred P. Stone, Strong, Sykes, Taylor, Tibbatts, Tucker, Vanmeter, Weller, Wentworth, Wethered, Wheaton, Benj. White, Williams, Woodward, Jos. A. Wright, Yancey, Yost—140.

NAYS—Messrs. Abbott, Adams, Ashe, Baker, Barringer, Barnard, Brengle, Milton Brown, Campbell, Carroll, Causin, Reuben Chapman, Chilton, Clinch, Clingman, Coles, Collamer, Garrett Davis, R. D. Davis, Deberry, Fish, Foot, Goggin, Grinnell, Harper, Hudson, Washington Hunt, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Jenks, Geo. W. Jones, John P. Kennedy, D. P. King, McIlvaine, Marsh, Edward Joy Morris, F. H. Morse, Moseley, Newton, Paterson, Peyton, Phoenix, Elisha R. Potter, Preston, Rockwell, Rodney, Senter, Severance, Albert Smith, Caleb B. Smith, Stephens, Andrew Stewart, Summers, Tilden, Tyler, Vance, Vinton, John White, Winthrop, Wm. Wright—59.

IN SENATE, Tuesday Feb. 4, the Post Office Bill was further considered without having been reported from Committee. Among the reports from Committees were the House Sub Treasury Bill, with a recommendation of indefinite postponement, and the Texas resolutions, with a motion that it be rejected. Mr. Buchanan said he was in a minority of *one* in the Committee, and he should defend the measure at a proper time.

IN THE HOUSE, the Public Land Bill was discussed in Committee. It was voted to take it out on Wednesday.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 30. The day was principally passed in a debate on a substitute for the Interest Bill, offered by Mr. Sterigere. This bill provided for a partial payment.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Conner, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported in favor of reducing the number of Judicial Districts. Mr. McCaslin read in place a bill making still further exemptions of property from attachment.

IN SENATE, Friday, Jan 31. Mr. Sterigere withdrew his amendment to the State Interest Bill, and the bill was passed unanimously, amended slightly to read as follows:

Resolved, &c., That the sum of eight hundred and seventy-three thousand, five hundred and sixteen dollars and six cents be and the same is hereby appropriated to the payment of the interest on the public debt of the Commonwealth, which will fall due on the 1st of February, 1845, exclusive of interest on all certificates of loan issued for the payment of interest; *Provided*, That the payments hereby authorized shall be made in such funds as may be in the Treasury, and such portion of said funds as may not be at par in the city of Philadelphia, shall be paid in proportion to the several amounts due for interest provided for in this act.

The nomination of David Krause, President Judge of the 7th Judicial District, was confirmed, 28 to 1.

IN THE HOUSE, the Interest Bill, as amended in the Senate, was passed unanimously.

IN SENATE, Saturday, Feb. 1. The Bill to abolish the Board of Revenue Commissioners was debated until the hour of adjournment.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Banning read in place a bill to incorporate the City Bank of Philadelphia, with a capital of $500,000. Mr. Burrill a bill relative to the office of Port Warden of Philadelphia—abolishing the same as a State officer. Mr. McFarland a supplement in relation to the Southern Insurance Co. Mr. Hollingshead a bill to prevent Prothonotories and other county officers from charging exorbitant fees. Mr. Tice a bill relating to county rates and levies. Mr. Banning a bill more effectually to protect the remains of the dead.

IN SENATE, Monday Feb. 3d.—Mr. Sullivan (Judiciary) reported a bill to protect citizens from fraudulent transfers of property.

Mr. Eyer (Corporations) reported a supplement to the charter of the *Spring Garden Gas* Company.

The Bill to abolish the Board of Revenue Commissioners was passed, yeas 20, nays 8.

IN THE HOUSE—a great many memorials &c., were presented. Mr. Burnside asked leave to present a memorial of great importance, referring to the state of Lunatics in this Commonwealth, as well as the Jails, Penitentiaries, and Poor Houses of the State. Leave was granted, and Mr. B. presented to the Chair a lengthy manuscript document, signed by Miss C. L. Dix, of Boston, Mass., on the subject referred to, and moved the printing of 2,000 copies for distribution, supporting the motion with some excellent remarks, full of feeling and characterized by much benevolence. The motion to print was carried unanimously. Miss D. has visited every Jail in the State except two.

The Committee of Ways and Means, were instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill directing the Treasurers of the several counties to sit for the collection of taxes, giving public notice thereof, and providing an addition of ten per cent. on all taxes not paid by the first of December, in each year, to pay expense of collection by process of law.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1075 shares	Girard Bank,		7¼a8¼
450 do.	Wilmington R. R.		30a30½
100 do.	do. do.	5ds,	30½
300 do.	Reading R. R.		23a23¼
30 do.	Kentucky Bank		71¼
25 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,		40½
25 do.	Girard Trust Co		21½a21¼
12 do.	Merchants Bank,		24½
10 do.	Commercial Bank,		49½
$5000	Reading R. R. Bonds,		65
$7500	Susque. Canal Bonds, 5ds		20
$1000	Tenn. 5 per cent.		82
$644	Old City 5's, 1860,		93
$50	Girard 5's,		8
$578 17	County 5's, 1860, old,		93
$1000	State 5's,		73½
$15,000	do.	5ds	73½
$6000	do.	rw	73½
$45,000	Penna 5's,		73¼a73½

DIVIDENDS.

The Leather Manufacturers' Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of three and a half per cent. payable on demand.

The Utica and Schenectady Railroad Company have declared a dividend of four dollars per share for the last six months, payable on demand at the Phœnix Bank in this city.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Remarks.—The business operations of the last few days have been on a very moderate scale, partly owing to a want of stocks of some leading articles, and the exceedingly bad weather which entirely suspended operations out of doors.

Ashes, quiet. *Bark*, no sales. *Coffee*—Stock in first hands light, and prices steady; no transactions have transpired. *Cotton*—Holders are more firm, and the stock offering for sale very much reduced; about 450 bales have been taken by spinners since our last weekly report, among which we notice inferior to good ordinary Uplands, including some parcels of repacked, 5a5c; middling fair to fair do. 6¼a6½c. New Orleans and Mobile do. 6½c; all on the usual terms. *Fruit*—No sales of moment are making. *Fish*—No sales of mackerel, codfish in better retail demand at 2¼a3c. *Flour and Meal*—We have no alteration to notice in these articles since last week, the market exhibits no variation; the only sale of flour for export is about 2 or 300 bbls at $4,12½ for a fair brand; we continue our former quotations of common to fair shipping brands at $4a4.12½, for the supply of the city trade sales are making at $4.12½a4.50 for common and selected bakers; $4,75a5 for extra and fancy brands. Corn Meal—A sale of 1000 bbls Pa. was made at near $2,25. Rye Flour—Scarce, but the demand limited, last $3.00. *Grain*—As there are no arrivals and the demand being confined to supply the retail trade, prices are nominally the same as before reported. We quote Pa. and southern red wheat at 88a90c, rye 66; southern yellow corn 41a42c; white 39c; Jersey 43c; southern oats 27c; Pa. 28a29c. *Indigo*—A sale of 5 chests good Bengal at $1 on time. *Lead*—No sales. *Molasses*—Market bare in first hands, and prices looking up, last sales of New Orleans 24a25c. *Oils*—Sperm and whale dull; linseed firm at 65c. *Provisions*—New pork firm, and held at $12 and 10 for mess and prime; the only sales reported are some small lots Jersey mess at $11½, and western $11. Bacon—Sales of new hams, in pickle, at 6½a7c. Lard—New western sells at 6½a7c. Butter dull. Cheese—Small sales at 7a7½c. *Rice*—Small sales at 3½c, for fair quality. *Seeds*—The market for cloverseed is dull, and prices are drooping; last sales $4.25a4.12½. Flaxseed—Domestic is wanted; we quote at 135c. *Sugar*—There is none in first hands; the only transactions for the last three days have been about 250 hhds New Orleans at 4½a4¼c on time. *Whiskey*—We quote hhds 20½ and bbls 23c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Feb. 3—At market, 1050 beef cattle, 120 from the south, 103 cows and calves, and 1500 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote prime retailing to correspond with last week, noticing more activity in the market, viz. $5.00 to 6.50, with a few choice at $7. Cows and Calves—Sales at $14a30. Sheep and Lambs—Brisk at $2 to 5, as in quality.

Baltimore, Feb. 4.—There were 130 head of beef cattle at the scales this morning, of which 247 were sold to the butchers, and 113 driven to another market. The prices paid ranged from $2 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof as in quality, equal to $4a5,75 nett. Hogs—Live hogs are scarce and command about $4.75 per 100 lbs.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—The origin of muscular motion is one of those profound mysteries which we can never hope to see developed. One philosopher has supposed the brain to be an electric pile, constantly in action, discharging itself at regular intervals along the nerves which communicate with the heart, and exciting the pulsations of that organ. In Sands's Sarsaparilla we have a preparation powerful in its curative effects upon all diseases of the skin, the muscles, tissues and integuments, beyond all precedent in the annals of Medicine. In the most virulent stages of Scrofula and Cancer, and through all forms of diseases which affect the superfices of the body, down to the simplest eruption, it will be found equally beneficial.

For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

HEADACHE.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a positive and certain cure for this distressing complaint, because they purge from the body those bilious humors which are the cause not only of headache, giddiness, nausea and sickness, &c., but of "every ill to which flesh is heir." One twenty-five cent box of the above named Pills, nay, a single dose, will frequently carry off the most violent attack of headache, and in all cases, perseverance in the use of the medicine will most assuredly make a speedy cure of every description of headache.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, covered with a *counterfeit lithographic label*, and sold by Mr. Reed, Druggist, corner of Gay and Saratoga streets, or W. Holloway, No. 16, corner of Front and Baltimore streets, Baltimore, are *not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*. The only agent in Baltimore is the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, bookseller, No. 70 Baltimore street, from whom the genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained.

Principal Office of the N. A. College of Health, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—In all cases be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!—*Call and see Mrs. Baxter, and she will impart to you information that will convince and astonish you!*

ASTOUNDING FACT!—*Philadelphia, Jan. 4, 1845.*—I hereby certify that when I was about twelve years old, I gradually became *deaf* in both ears, so that in a few months I found it almost impossible to hear, unless in the very loudest tones of voice. I remained in that situation until last summer, a period of eighteen years, when I heard of *Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil*. I immediately obtained a bottle, which I have used, and am happy to say it has acted like magic, and quite cured me. Any one wishing further information of my case, which I think a remarkable one, will find me by calling at my residence, Concord street, first door above Second street.

MRS. REBECCA BAXTER.

☞ This valuable medicine is for sale by Doctor D. JAYNE, No. 20 South Third street, and B. B. GUMPERT, No. 120 North Second street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

February, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
8 SATURDAY,	6 51	5 9	3 30	
9 SUNDAY,	6 50	5 10	4 5	D. H. M.
10 MONDAY,	6 49	5 11	4 41	
11 TUESDAY,	6 48	5 12	5 18	
12 WEDNESDAY,	6 47	5 13	6 0	
13 THURSDAY,	6 45	5 15	6 51	New 6 1 34
14 FRIDAY,	6 44	5 16	7 56	First 12 11 59
15 SATURDAY,	6 43	5 17	9 10	Full 22 1 45

Married,

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Thos. M. Clark, HIRAM HARRIS, of Baltimore, to MARGARET H. ROBERTS, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Jones, GEO. W. PHYFE, of N. York, to CAROLINE, daughter of Levi Taylor, of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. R. H. Mitchell, of Bordentown, N. J., JAMES H. OGILVIE, of Philada. to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Archibald Binney, of Saint Mary's county, Md.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Loughridge, Mr. JAMES BELL, to Miss MARGARET E. CONRAD, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. W. W. McMichael, Mr. JOHN S. JOHN, of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss RACHEL LITTLE, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM KOOCKOGEY, to Miss ELLEN B. DAVIES, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. Castle, EBENEZER S. TALMAGE, to JANE WILSON, both of Philada.

By the same, on the 1st inst. JOHN JAMES, to MARY QUICK, both of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. CHAS. ANDERSON, to Miss CATHARINE KINCHING.

On the 28th ult. by Mayor McCall, BARZILLAI GARWOOD, of Medford, N. J. to MARGARETTA J. BURDEN, of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. John M'Dowell, D.D., Dr. M. P. HUTCHINSON, to Miss EMMALINE, daughter of D. Kirkpatrick, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Thos. Brainard, Mr. JOHN S. CLARK, to Miss TERRESSA RONEY, all of Philada.

On the 16th of January, by Mayor McCall, Dr. ELLWOOD HARVEY, of Chaddsford, Delaware county, to Miss JOSEPHINE YOULE, of this city.

In Covington, Indiana, on the 29th of October last, by the Rev. D. S. French, Mr. THOMAS E. SCHOLTEN, to Miss MARY ANN YOUNG, daughter of the late Captain Young, of the U. S. Army, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. E. L. Janes, JOHN L. DUGANT, to MARY A. ESQUIRELL, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by Alderman Hay, JOHN BISHOP, Jr. to REBECCA BIDDLE, both of Burlington county, N. J.

Died,

On the 3d inst. after a long and severe illness, SUSAN MCCONAGHY, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. C. McIntosh, after a lingering illness.

On the 3d inst. MARY A. AITKEN, wife of John Aitken, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 3d instant, JOHN ERWIN, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. BRIDGET McCAULLAY, aged 47 years.

On the 2d inst. CAROLINE YOUNG, daughter of Jas. and Margaret Greer, aged 2 years, 4 months and 20 days.

On the 3d inst. REVERE P. REID, only son of Dr. N. C. Reid, aged 2 years, 8 months and 7 days.

On the 2d inst. LOUISA FRIDAUY, in the 12th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. in the 5th year of his age, HANSON, son of J. N. Withers.

On the 3d inst. LAURA, daughter of the late Capt. T. Johnson, of the U. S. Army.

On the 1st inst. MARY WILLSON, wife of Mr. Joseph Debander.

On the 29th ult. GEORGE DANNAKER, aged 53 years.

At Elizabethtown, Ky. on the 23d ult. JULIA, wife of Edgar H. Craycroft, Esq. and daughter of Mathias B. Roberts, of this city, aged 24 years.

On the 1st inst. ELIZA BELLA, infant daughter of Robt. Donnell.

On the 30th ult. in the 77th year of his age, Col. THOS. LOWRY, of Upper Meredith, Montgomery county.

On the 31st ultimo, MARIA FAIRLAMB, aged about 50 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. ANN E. HELMUTH, wife of Dr. Wm. S. Helmuth.

On the 29th ult. ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Warren.

In Baltimore, Mrs. ALMIRA S. KING, wife of Prof. W. D. King, in her 30th year.

On the 30th ult. WM. PATTON, aged 29 years.

On the 30th ult. JAMES L. RICHARDS, aged 25 years.

On the 30th ult. ROBERT MAXWELL, aged 39 years.

On the 1st instant, FREDERICK UBER, in the 72d year of his age.

On the 1st instant, MARY H. daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Weeks, aged 13 months.

On the 31st ult. after an illness of three days, MARGARET, wife of Samuel Gillingham, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. SARAH CARR, aged 75 years.

On the 3d inst. Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. ROBERT SIMPSON, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. CHARLES S. eldest son of George and Elizabeth Coffee, in the 6th year of his age.

After a lingering illness, in the 55th year of his age, Mr. CHAS. C. MOFFET, of this city.

Suddenly, on the 4th inst. MARGARET, wife of Richard Latham.

On the 3d inst. in the 36th year of her age, REBECCA, wife of G. W. Jerman.

On the 3d inst. Mr. EDWARD J. WILLIAMSON, in the 27th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. JAMES SOUTHWALT, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 4th inst. MARIA HENRIETTA, wife of J. Chur, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. of croup, EMILY, daughter of Mahlon and Catharine Sekel, aged 3 years, 7 months and 17 days.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. ESTHER EARNEST, relict of the late Jacob Earnest, in the 70th year of her age.

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 25th January to the 1st February

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	37	34
Asphyxia,	0	1	Fungus Hematodes,	0	1
Croup,	0	7	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	3
Congestion of the Lungs,	2	2	——Bronchi,	1	6
Consumption of the Lungs,	20	2	——Lungs,	4	5
Convulsions,	0	5	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	1	0	——Uterus,	1	0
Dropsy of Head,	0	5	——Pleura,	1	0
——Breast,	2	0	Intemperance,	2	0
Disease of Breast,	1	1	Inanition,	0	1
——Heart,	1	0	Jaundice,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	0	Marasmus,	1	1
Debility,	0	3	Neuralgia,	1	0
Epilepsy,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
Erysipelas,	1	1	Puerperal Mania,	0	1
Fever,	1	1	Scrofula,	0	1
——Bilious,	1	0	Still Born,	0	8
——Puerperal,	1	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	1
——Scarlet,	1	6	Whooping Cough,	0	1
——Typhus,	1	0			
			Total,	112—53	59
Carried over,	37	34			

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 6 from the country, and 17 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 26,	34	40	42
27,	36	42	48
28,	36	44	53
29,	40	42	43
30,	31	34	34
31,	28	27	27
Feb. 1,	15	19	23

TEXAS.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, THE 12th of February, will be published No. 7 of SMITH'S WEEKLY VOLUME, (a revival of Waldie's Library, by the original editor,) containing the commencement of TEXAS AND THE GULF OF MEXICO; or, YACHTING IN THE NEW WORLD. BY MRS. HOUSTOUN.

Terms of the Weekly Volume—

One copy,	$4	Five copies,	$15
Three copies,	$10	Ten copies,	$25

Postage 100 miles 1½ cents, over 100 miles 2½ cents.
A specimen number will be sent to all who request it, postage paid.

LLOYD P. SMITH, Publisher,
feb 8-1t No. 12 St. James' street, Philadelphia.

A CARD.

A LADY COMPETENT TO TEACH Music, the Piano Forte and Singing, according to the method most approved, being also qualified to teach the French language, and to instruct a class in the art of Drawing and Painting, wishes to obtain a situation in a young ladies' boarding school in any part of the States. Respectable references given, on application by letter, to
feb 8-3t J. D'ESTE DUNGER, Mobile, Alabama.

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," "The Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, or franked, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

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feb 19-1y* ANDREW S. CHAMBERS.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS, No. 35 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, February 8, 1845.*

[illegible]

TRIAL OF BISHOP ONDERDONK, of New York. Published this day, and for sale by T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, price 50 cents. Also, Bishop Onderdonk's Statement, 12½ cts. Orders from the country are respectfully solicited.

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In offering such a miscellany as the above periodical to the public, we wish to make it [illegible] of [illegible] is the object proposed to be accomplished, [illegible] tion, and what will invariably be the character of its contents; and by no species of disguise, or form of deception, attempt to make an impression or gain a favor, without possessing a legitimate claim to their approval. "SEARS' FAMILY MAGAZINE" is a periodical whose object is to collect, condense and systematize the great mass of standard general knowledge, contained in works so numerous and voluminous as to be altogether beyond the reach of mankind in general; and thus collected and prepared to place it, by its cheapness and comprehensiveness, within the acquisition of ALL.

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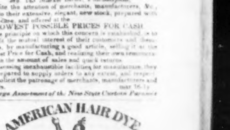

Selected Poetry.

FAREWELL.

[The following piece appeared originally in an Age newspaper. It is the composition of a young woman, named Porter, of Irish birth, who lives in that town, in humble but respectable circumstances. Miss Porter has already attained considerable local attention on account of her poetical productions, and is said to be a young lady of fine natural abilities.—Argus.

Farewell to thee, Australia's land, An exile's sigh I breathe for thee, And though my weary heart should break, I may not, must not, linger here.

To other lands I now must flee, To other lands, across the sea, Must turn my back upon my home, And friends I love, perhaps to mourn.

Farewell, my native land, farewell, Where first I formed these bright and pure, Each fond vow my love exchanged— Bewildered, alas! but to allure.

Love, when cold neglect assails it— What has he to recompense my tears? Struggles long; but when crush'd, it soon yields to despair.

Ah! how each succeeding pinion In my tattered bosom stirs; Grief, and pride, and adoration— For 'twas danger still like love

All was agony and madness In my breast and in my brain— Then a calm and sullen sadness Gave a deadly scope to pain.

Now this heart, once thine, thine only, Never more pride and woman's love; Though forsaken, sad and lonely, It is thy right to rove.

For the morrow of grief are over, And a death-like calmness reigns Yet, mistaken, heartless lover, Love no longer now remains!

Love thee now! my soul would scorn it— Bend to me thy faithless smile— Now accept thy heart! I'd spurn it, Though my eye should hear the while.

For our last farewell is breathed, And we part, for ever part; Every tie is now unwreathed— Which had bound so heart to heart.

From the Magazines.

THE PHANTOM OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

FROM BOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Though many years have elapsed since I first perused the admirable narrative to which Chamisso makes no acquainted with the fate of Peter Schlemihl, the memory of that singular feeling of awe that took possession of me on reading his marvellous adventures. A circumstance that lately occurred brought to my most vivid colors before me. I relate it, in the hope that something may be added to make the story of Schlemihl is familiar, but also others, who, being a prey to a similar fate, may be induced to make themselves acquainted with it. To render myself intelligible to this latter class, it will, however, be necessary to give a slight sketch of his story.

Peter Schlemihl forfeits his shadow for riches, and a life of misery is the consequence of the unlucky bargain.

"His shadow" cries every one, astonished.

So it was; and a little reflection will show the value of the neglected follower, and the evil that would attend his loss.

The shadow, like the original sin, was born with man, and has in like manner been the inheritance for thousands of years. All the idle incident to mortals leave him unharmed. No sword has ever reached him on the flame-burnt him. Neither hunger, pestilence nor poverty can annihilate him. Unconscious of education, he is equally found in the barbarian and the civilized man; in the fool and the wise; the negro and the white. With all has he struggled on, through difficulty and danger, a true and faithful companion. Learn, then, to honor thy shadow!

For those who do not feel convinced of his worth, I will quote the words of Schlemihl himself:

"I looked around, but as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen save the wide extending monotonous plain. No bush, no tree, not a stone on which to lay my weary head; no sound broke the death-like stillness; nothing was stirring; no lowering cloud to remind me of my distance from the flattering bird to recall my forsaken friends. I felt that I had no longer any connexion with my fellow creatures; that I was alone—deserted—lost. The sun was setting as I rose, when, lo! a second figure rose before me, an old friend—a faithful companion—my shadow. The same that had formerly glided with me over verdant meadow and through flowery vales; that had been reflected in the moonlight on the marble pillars of palaces, and stretched itself at my feet as, by the light of some cheerful taper, I waited at the green rendezvous. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and misfortune, it never clung to me. I eagerly stretched out my hands; the shadow followed my example; I raised them towards heaven, and it imitated my movements. I threw myself on my knees, and with me knelt my shadow. I was comforted; and when to others not a shade of hope would have appeared, I drew consolation and consolation from my shadow, for it had forsaken all, smiling landscapes, stately palaces, luxurious palaces, to follow me, and now lay quiet and contented by my side on the hard sand of the desert."

We will suppose that by some chance a man should lose his shadow. Would it be possible to repair the loss? Certainly not! Never! A leg may be carved, a finger turned, but who can create an artificial shadow?

In an unguarded moment Peter Schlemihl parted with his; but had he known the friend he was resigning, he would never have signed away his soul. No sooner did his fellow-creatures perceive that they stood in the sun, their faces from him, and none would hold communion with the shadeless man. Even he, and then that, after the most desperate expedients to repair the loss, Satan, observing his despair at the failure of his efforts, consigned him to return the dearly-prized shadow in exchange for his soul. Happily he had strength to resist this temptation, and, retiring from the world, he dedicated himself to the study of nature, assisted by the wonderful seven-league boots, which were presented to him, and by a secret mighty power that approved and protected him. But to my tale.

My luggage had preceded me to the diligence; and as I hurried into the coach-yard, I could hear the conductor calling over the numbers of his passengers.

"Number eight!"

"Here, here!" exclaimed I

"Cabriolet, left-hand corner," said he.

"How delightful!!!" thought I, "the very place I should have secured for myself, being unmeasured against more than two unpleasant companions. I shall be able to see the country."

The conductor opened the door and I got in. Good heavens! the whole coupé was crammed with bandboxes, from the largest to the smallest sizes, round, square, oblong, blue, black and white; a perfect cabinet of assortment. But my attention was not long fixed upon the boxes, for in the middle of the coupé buried under them, sat a female, whose pretty face soon attracted my admiration. A delicately-formed Grecian nose, a complexion of heavenly fairness, added to large blue eyes, with long silky lashes, formed a picture that necessitated me at a moment to the obnoxious hand-leaves. It was completed by two large beads of dark brown hair that fell from under the snowy cap, and contrasted delightfully with the brilliancy of her complexion. "I wonder what she is?" thought I. "Either a lady's maid or governess," I answered to my own question. Arranging my features into their most fascinating expression, and giving my voice its softest tone, I addressed the party with my chief object in view.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company as far as P——?"

Yes!" she replied, "I am going to F——, where I hope to arrive this evening, as I have much to do here."

"Indeed!" I said, glancing at the heap of packages, "the business is urgent, no doubt."

"Oh, yes," returned, "I am taking the last fashions to the Countess de C——."

I was about to reply, but the position was already mounted and blowing his horn; and everybody knows that when a Gentleman here blows his horn, his hearers blow themselves, and was in silence till he has finished. The conductor sprang to his seat, the horses moved on; when, just as the diligence was starting myself on being alone with the pretty milliner the door was suddenly opened, and there appeared —Good heavens! Could it be?—a man! but every mental nor limbs of such outrageous ugliness! While I gazed at him with dismay and astonishment, he, not even giving himself the trouble to enter the steps where they were made but one stride from the pavement to the middle—placed in the interior! and with one upside-shank still rested on the ground—his left white hat actually touched the window at the opposite corner. The constant horse he was to find room in a coupé already half-filled with hand-boxes, seemed for the first time to occur to him; but he did not suffer it to embarrass him long, for, stretching out his arm, he quietly began to stow them away in the pockets and under the seat. He then packed the rest neatly together, and gradually drawing his lengthy limbs into the coach, took his place between me and the milliner. How he got there Heaven only knows! but, without causing the least inconvenience to either of us, there he sat, doubled together like a bat with folded wings.

A general silence followed his entrance; the conversation had been interrupted, and no one seemed disposed to enumerate a fresh one. I threw several side glances at the new comer. He was an elderly man, on whose sallow face time had ploughed many a furrow. His long spindle nose almost concealed his small eyes, so deeply sunk in his head, that it was impossible to judge of their color. But the wrinkles that surrounded the corners of his large, illshaped mouth, gave a disagreeable expression to his countenance, that was by no means diminished by the sardonic grin of his projecting red beard. A shabby hat, only partially concealed a head of bushy hair of the same undistinguishable hue. He wore a tarnished old grey coat, the cuffs of which did not reach to within six inches of his wrists. Trousers of the same material, and as short as the coat-sleeves, completed the costume of this strange figure. A small steel chain induced me to suppose he possessed a watch, the only visible luggage he had brought with him.

The reader will easily imagine that this was an apparition little calculated to create a favorable impression on a young and handsome woman, and my self-possession at the side of the occupant of the other corner, I might as well have had the Chinese wall in his place. Had he been one of the handsomest men living I could not have felt more disgusted at the sight of him than I did. There was a something too, in his appearance not entirely strange to me; and although I could not recollect that I had ever seen his face before, its expression seemed familiar. This circumstance perplexed and annoyed me. At length the stranger looked hard at me, and seemed, against all breaking the long silence; but, meeting with no encouragement in my eye, and no cause for smiles, he remained in a dreaming silence. Then, whence also came he?

"From ——," was the answer.

"No offence, I hope," continued the stranger. "Are you going on——?"

"I am," she replied.

"Indeed! now that is curious!" was the next question.

"Yes. And where do you come from?" she continued, with a view as it seemed of avoiding further questioning.

"Where did I come from?" he replied, with a chuckling laugh. "I have just left Hamburg. Have you ever been at Hamburg? Fine city," he went on, "large city—rich city. I made a good thing there, and I return" rubbing his hands together, as if recalling some pleasant remembrance.

"From Hamburg?" I repeated to myself. "Why, it was in Hamburg that——I wonder what sort of business he had in Hamburg!

At this moment the position began to cause me great uneasiness. The heat was excessive; the stranger was certainly accessible, for the lash of whip's bearing many suggestions to the horses, he had, after ten minutes spent in trying to discover a place to keep his feet in, given a sudden jerk that had broken the whipstock. He could no longer crack his whip, and after having made several vain efforts with a new lash, he turned as a last resource to the expedient, and asked if any one could give him a piece of string. Before I had time to recollect whether I could or not, he, with a long knife, had unbuttoned the three top buttons of his coat, and, taking a small roll of whipcord from one of the inside pockets, offered it to the position. The latter seemed to receive it as a matter of course, and, cutting it into two equal parts, put the one by for some future emergency, and having mended his whip with the other, commenced cracking it with redoubled energy.

We were now commencing the descent of a steep hill, and the conductor sprang from his box in order to put the drag on when his foot slipped and he fell with some violence on a heap of stones at the roadside. Shocked at the accident, I jumped out to render him my assistance. Fortunately, he had received no other injury than a slight cut on the face, from which the blood flowed pretty freely.

He then applied a piece of sticking plaster to his face.

The answer was the question asked, that the stranger again opened his shabby coat, and from the left breast pocket of his waistcoat took a small book, took a sheet of court plaster from it, and offered it to the wounded man. The latter received the piece, applied it to the cut, and throwing the remainder into his pocket, quickly mounted his box, and let the word "forwards!" the coach rolled on.

"You have torn your cloak," said the milliner, as I regained my place. On examination I found that one corner was torn, but to a large rent in the blue lining.

"If I had a needle and thread I would soon mend it," she continued.

Scarcely had she finished speaking, before our new companion, who seemed to read God's face from the pocket-book, and, taking out a small packet, presented it to me, with a bow, and offered them to her.

We were compelled to change horses, and my pretty companion had only just time to finish her task when the carriage drew up at the inn door.

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That the scissors immediately made their appearance out of the same coat, the same pocket-book, and the same left breast pocket, came to me astonishment. I thanked the pretty lender of scissors, and the small book exchanged the darn in my cloak as a souvenir. She blushed, and I to hide her confusion commenced passing the needles. My neighbor assured her that they were English, and requested her accept them, which she did with a blush at the remark.

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"I will smoke," thought I. After asking the pretty milliner if she objected to the smell of tobacco, and receiving a negative answer, I began filling my pipe. Like most smokers, I generally carry a flint and steel with me, but the coach present occasioned me to leave them the former. While I was vainly seeking in my mysterious neighbor handed me a piece of newly lighted tinder, with the steel and a small tub drawn from his fathomless pocket. I lighted my pipe, and began smoking without thinking of thanking my fellow traveller.

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The face of the stranger lighted up with pleasure; but as for me, my very flesh crept when I perceived that he could read my most inattentively expressed wish should give him a better opportunity of taking me under some disadvantage. He had already seen enough to make me certain he was no mortal. Pistols, bags of shot, powder, candles, tinder, smelling-bottles, catalogue, map, and slip from the press, were articles of consumption that betrayed the wish to see them had been anticipated. Then the sound of the sword I had broken, a loose collar, to an extra cheese and sausage, and the wound, with the greatest facility, have provided for the wants of the smallest pocket. There was no longer any possibility of doubting. I could read in a book, but I felt lurking within the strength form of the treacherous.

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"Can't say," he came too late to be entered on my way-bill."

"But is there no name to his luggage?"

"Luggage!" repeated the conductor; he has got it all on his back. He has no extra weight in pay for, like you."

Everything seemed to confirm my suspicions. He could not be a merchant, and come from Hamburg without luggage. I had seen a small bunch before the post-house. The sun was already sinking, and shot its rays horizontally from under a cloud, shedding a soothing warmth over me, and throwing my shadow in dark outline on the newly whitewashed wall behind me.

As I remained resting my chin on my stick, lost in thought, I was roused by a well-known voice. I looked up, and saw the owner of the grey coat approaching. Much as I wished to avoid him, I found it impossible to move away. I felt nailed to the spot where I sat, like a bird under the influence of their eyes. His wrinkles that surrounded the corners of his large, illshaped mouth, gave a disagreeable expression to his countenance, that was by no means diminished by the sardonic grin of his projecting red beard. A shabby hat, only partially concealed a head of bushy hair of the same undistinguishable hue. He wore a tarnished old grey coat, the cuffs of which did not reach to within six inches of his wrists. Trousers of the same material, and as short as the coat-sleeves, completed the costume of this strange figure. A small steel chain induced me to suppose he possessed a watch, the only visible luggage he had brought with him.

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"Can't say," he came too late to be entered on my way-bill."

"But is there no name to his luggage?"

"Luggage!" repeated the conductor, he has got it all on his back. He has no extra weight in pay for, like you."

Everything seemed to confirm my suspicions. He could not be a merchant, and come from Hamburg without luggage. I had seen a small bunch before the post-house. The sun

and broken masses, rolled backward down the slope. All was in confusion; Napoleon's last effort had failed; the Battle of Waterloo was decided.

"It was now night o'clock in the evening. Blucher and Bulow had come up, and driven Lobau's division out of Planchenoit. 'Garde qui peut!' was the cry amongst the French regiments, who now, in inextricable confusion, no longer offering a shadow of resistance, fled for life in all directions; and the Prussian sabres deeply—deeply reaped the fatal harvest which had been incurred at Jena.

"Quarter was given; 'Lagea dana les reins.' Gourgaud and his cavalry pursued and killed till darkness alone saved the carnage. Napoleon had no longer an army. Through the crowd of pursuing and pursued, he himself escaped by a miracle, and arrived where he reached the Sambre, at five o'clock on the morning.

"The hero of Lodi should have fought and fallen on the plateau of Mont St. Jean.

VIRTUE.

Farmer Day" on cool, on calm, so bright,
The healed" the storm and night
The dew shall weep thy fall by night—
Mourn Rose!' whose hue, angry and brave,
Says thou'rt the queen of the day,
Thy rose is over as its grave—
And day is over too.

Farmer Spring' full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My mother shows us these your closes
And all is there die.

Only a censer and virtuous soul,
Like sweetest incense, rise
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

The question is frequently asked—Will temperance continue to prevail in Ireland? and many persons remark that already there are numerous instances of a relapse. I believe that it is not to be expected that the temperance feeling will continue to prevail to the same extent now it has cooled down considerably from its first fervour. Still, I think that what has been effected by Father Mathew will probably never be entirely lost. The great evil in Ireland is not so much that the people drank, as that they gloried in the drunkenness. When the Rev. George Carr, rector of Shankill, in this province sojourn in Europe at Rome, in the country of Wolsey, and Luther, he will find that, generally into Ireland, his temperance converts have almost literally kept their word to the pledge, laughed at and ridiculed, till they gradually fell. I have seen an instance where a man drove a street, and all the people laughing at him, evidently because he had joined the temperance society. Now, thanks to Father Mathew all that has passed away forever.

The great evil of drunkenness in Ireland was really, in the good old times, something quite awful. Mr. Mitchell Henry, in a speech of pathos, which he delivered midst universal applause, in the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, was probably not at all exaggerated. The chancellor on the woolsack and the judge on the bench drinks of a bottle of port in his robes drinks it, the beggar with his wallet drinks it. I drink it every day, and so do you, Mr. Mendes, and the secretaries of a bottle of Madeira." It is of the nature of the intoxicant the accident is told—Riding on the Phœnix Park road, a gentleman's horse, which had not come over. I saw forget which, has fallen. The gentleman's servant that same had seen the accident, and, on coming up, found his master's head had been drained by the wheel of a carriage, which had passed over it. He was intoxicated: and among merchants and professional men, the habit of drinking to excess in much less wise than drunk than in England, and spirits are very seldom introduced.

Choice Selections.

WOODS IN WINTER.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the withered locust flows the gale,
With solemn sound,
That rustles through the leafless wood,
Am I alone and sad?

Or the hoar forest thrills with joy
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embattled pines
And gladden them deep solitudes?

Is the gray porcupine awake
To wander where the loose fruit lies,
Or where the tree
Has shed its last red winter apple?

Where, from their hollow nest, mole sprags
Their meal of sweet acorns,
The squirrel sits in hoary state
And chirps merrily to his mate,
And flourishes his bushy tail?

Have they changed from the late winter
When birds sing and woods were green,
And wild flowers sprung
And the rivulet sparkled clear?

He still will storm is abroad,
And the grey forest robes its roots in snow,
And withered weeds in hoarse wood,
And the cold season reigns.

Still not and wintry winds, my ear
Shall thy deep voice delight,
Thy unseen presence in the tempest,
Thy storm, and thy solitude.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Marriages are often made up among the country people after a very curious fashion. The Rev. Mr. Jeffcott, of Ross, a Protestant clergyman, well known in Ireland as Father Doyle, the name under which he writes with much success, has given a sketch of a match made in one of them a story of a young Wexford farmer, who had a fine farm, and was a widower. Indeed, instead of the pretty girl with me, he had been married twice, and had had a numerous herd between any two lasses. Very hard he was to please, and many a match was broken off by the old people, to which the young men allowed very little voice. The landlords, also, in some cases, had a voice in the matter, and when a landlord so asked will likewise accompany his request with a present of a fine fat pig or a firkin of butter. I have seen one of this kind. About two years ago, a farmer's daughter, who had been landlord so asked will likewise accompany his request with a present of a fine fat pig or a firkin of butter. I have seen one of this kind. About two years ago, a farmer's daughter, who had been married to a tenant on the property, and the match had been made up between the parties, and the landlord was a rash old bachelor of some fifty to sixty years, who had never seen the face of the farm, well attended. "John Brown," said my friend, "you are a young man, and a rich man, and John, scratching his head, "I couldn't say, your honor, but I'm not very old, anyway." "And John," I never thought of the matter myself, you must, must, you must." "Well, your honor, I'll do my best." "Now, John had two maiden sisters, and the landlord was a bachelor, and he said to John, "John, you must marry Alice Walsh." "Is it Alice, your honor?" "Yes, John." "Well, I'll engage the sisters," "she's a very pretty girl indeed, your honor, and a right nice girl, really was. John became "quite convenient" to Alice, and married when she heard of it. The lady thought that the landlord had rather old; but then he was very rich. She was married, and after the ceremony, the landlord said that all things have gone on very happily.

I'LL LOVE NO MORE.

BY W. R. PARTRIDGE.

I'll love no more, for I, in endless mood,
The world is wholly false and full of ill,
And friendship more but insult and disdain;
Yet would I love, but that I fear to love,
Yet would not touch to take—
Then, what I love, I love but to destroy,
For the love of Hecklestone Cake.

The dish brown cake in loaf upon
The table, and I'll love no more—
Now Sorbet with delight,
The cake shall be the love of me,
Or I'll not partake.

Then, what I love, I love but to destroy
For the love of Hecklestone Cake.

I've revelled at the festive board,
But I have ate no fat;
If I can't get that, I will have none,
My eating days are past.

Then, what I love, I love but to destroy
The grease with my cake,
There's no one pity take,
For the love of Hecklestone Cake.

Selected Articles.

OLD LETTERS.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Old letters! so then space there—are they no priceless for their age?
I interrupt what I love to see, each yellow time-stained page?
Then all joys that are no more, of hopes that long have fled
Old records! oh then spare them—they are sacred to the dead!

They tell of times, at happy times, in years long, long gone by,
Of friends, of those who have ceased to live, but in the memory;
Then many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of youth
Old letters! oh then spare them, for they are a priceless store!

Old love, and grey-haired sorrow in manhood's summer never;
Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its cover!
And I can from a brother young, in some far foreign place,
A soldier's life believed by all, frank, open-hearted, brave,
Cool, cold and lonesome is his rest, beneath the Atlantic wave!

Another, stained with dark red spots, as clasped by the hand of death
With forward speech a father's curse, on dread Corunna's heath
Another—dead! with blood-red seal—a mother's curse! oh dear!
Old letters! ye are priceless! ye have cost a widow's tear!

Another—how I cut that hand! Oh! she was bright and fair,
Too pure, too gentle, and too good, for angels' love to share;
Her's the earth of grief and woe! and then I feel that she
Might be too much for me!
Then I turn to such another flower, in all the dark ness!

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past.
Sacred, sacred memorials of the days, too happy for to last
The tender-fibs still upon the rest, which years had almost
Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The story of this tremendous battle has been narrated by a bombardier found in an enemy's waste. It has been the theme of the grossest exaggeration of age—Scott and Byron have put forth their powers of thought in illustration of carnage and its consequences: still the subject remains unexhausted. Here is a fact, however, as respects the numbers engaged, and the impressions of the moment, which, from its unpretending and unstudied manner, is perhaps the most powerful description of the memorable fight that has ever been given to the world. The gaily-turned periods of Paul's letters, will not be found here; but there is something of the natural order of arrangement and graphic force of the following sketch by "Ensign O'Donoghue."

"On the evening of the 17th, when Napoleon took up his position in front of Mont St. Jean, occupied by his enemies, he was evident; they knew that the fate of France and Europe was determined not to spare them. The rain fell in torrents during the night, but the Emperor consoled his troops, in their honour, by promising a ten days plunder at Brussels.

"At half past ten o'clock the action may be well brought under three different periods, each distinct from the other, and yet all forming a separate and distinct end in view.

"The first commenced with a cannonade of about an hour, which was answered by a corresponding one from the enemy's batteries, which were stronger than he had calculated. For three hours the battle raged, during which time a small division of the French army, under the command of Count d'Erlon, attempted to force the centre of the British line, but was repulsed by the 1st division of guards, and the 2nd brigade of British infantry, which were supported by the 2nd division of guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun. The French cavalry, consisting of the cuirassiers, lancers, and chasseurs, were then ordered to charge the British infantry, which they did in the most gallant manner, and with the greatest determination, but were repulsed with great slaughter